

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## WALKING WITH GOD—MRS. MARY FLETCHER.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

SOMEWHAT more than one hundred years ago was born in Essex, of England, a child of beauty, who received the name of Mary. She was of noble descent, and grew up amid the smiles of affluence and fanned by the soft breath of uninterrupted and genial prosperity.

Yet amid all the blandishments of gayety and fashion her heart at times, and at an early age, would grow sad, and tears alternated with smiles, and she longed for something to which as yet she was a stranger. A voice came to her, sometimes in solitude, and then again in the very midst of convivial scenes, telling her of a sinful heart, and awakening desires for a higher and more permanent good, and beckoning her to approach the fountain of living waters and drink and live forever.

That voice was heeded. After long struggles, and amid divers adverse influences, she leaned at last upon the Strong for help—laid her weary head upon the bosom of the Redeemer and was at rest. Nor was it a mere nominal process. She most deliberately resigned this world and all the delicious hopes it presented to her youthful eye. She retired at once from the play-house, the dance, and the circle of revelry; she put off the robes and adornments of fashion and worldliness, and wedded herself without reservation to Him who loved her and gave himself for her eternal life.

Her parents, though of the Church of England, and professors of Christ's religion, sorrowed deeply for the turn which their Mary had taken, grew angry at her obstinate renunciation of all the sports and recreations of youthful years, looked darkly as they beheld her exchange the rich vestments suited to rank

and refinement for the "modest apparel" which she deemed more in harmony with the simplicity and purity of her Christian profession. In vain they reasoned and expostulated, till at last a father's face grew stern and even a mother's heart waxed cold, and the fountains of parental tenderness and love seemed hastening to be dried up. Then presently came dark hints to this poor child that her presence was not welcome as once, that the home of her infancy and childhood was become weary of her, and how it was preferred that another than her father's house should shelter her henceforth.

She had watched with aching eye the gathering storm, so that when the sad crisis came, as it soon did come, she was not entirely unfortified against the shock. One day, as the parents were going out to spend some hours, said the mother to Mary, "If you please, when the coach has set us down it may carry you home to your lodging." It was a lodging which she had provided in anticipation of this sad day. And thus she went forth from the presence and house of those who should have protected and blessed her—went forth to face alone the temptations and adversities of a stormy world. O, they perceived not, that father and mother, that it was one of God's holy angels they were turning from their doors, nor did they discern that other angels walked with her as she retired, nor did they hear as a voice, richer and sweeter than heavenly music, fell on the ear of that dear child, singing, "When thy father and mother forsake thee then the Lord will take thee up."

Thus, at the age of twenty-one, did Mary Bosanquet become, for Christ's sake, an exile from the splendid home of her early years. The love of Christ constrained her from participating in the gayeties and frivolities of high and fashionable life, and she was ejected. Sadly yet joyfully she took the spoiling of her earthly

home and hopes, and in the lone lodging whither she went that night we seem almost to hear her song tremulously whispering along the evening air as it utters—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be."

Her new home was simple, yet comfortable and respectable, and, having engaged the services of a young woman as a domestic, she, with her small fortune inherited from her grandparents, entered on a new scene of life and action. We here behold her freshly and constantly dedicating herself to her God, using the delightful liberty now in her power of mingling in the holy circles of worship, and leaguings in with other spirits kindred to her own for the high and noble purposes of usefulness and salvation. The great subject of *doing good* she studied as a science, while the capacity and privilege of beneficence she longed for like as the miser covets gold and silver. Such was the fullness and tenderness of affection swaying, and, as it were, swallowing up her heart, that every sight and sound of distress, whether of man or brute, moved her to tears, while to impart comfort to sorrowing hearts, and especially the sweet influences that, bear salvation on their wings, became the passion of her soul. Especially upon "them who are of the household of faith" was poured forth the exuberance of her benevolence and love. Heart-felt and delicious were the notes breathing from the beautiful lips of Mary as she sung—

"O that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples' feet—  
After my lovely Lord to go  
And wait upon his saints below—  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven!"

Nor long could a charity so large and earnest as that of this precious young lady be confined to one or two. She reached after a more widespread usefulness, and was bent upon compassing nobler and far-reaching results. It seemed almost a heavenly allotment—her own quiet and pleasant little home, and a few chosen friends, happy counterparts of herself, and participation in the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord that were now shining as some glorious morning amid the startling ministry of the Wesleys at London. Here she could have lingered through sunny years, and in her walks with God her steps would have been as music, and her lovely countenance would have beamed gladness upon many a heart. And her voice would have charmed

away a thousand sorrows, and the touch of her soft hand should have prevented many an aching head from sinking beneath dark waters.

But some holy voice seemed beckoning her away. It came whispering as if from her natal region, and its utterances seemed in behalf of poor and neglected ones scattered amid the hills and forests of Leytonstone. There, about a mile from a country seat of her father, and in the margin of an extensive forest, was a house of her own, and thither the beautiful finger of her destiny seemed pointing her. Yet was she not rash or premature in her movements, for she walked with God, and such do "not make haste." As she lingered, blissful scenery of her nightly dreams was laid amid that rural abode, and here, mingled with the soft slumbers of her peaceful rest, happy visions rose up before her of many a pilgrim walking beneath her guidance along the pleasant paths of heavenly wisdom.

Thither presently she went, accompanied by an associate whom she loved as her own soul. Joy, too, accompanied her as she retired to take possession of her new and rural home, for the sublime assurance dwelt with her that her ways were ordered in heaven. Hence her step was light and gladsome, and smiles of delicious sunshine gilded her pathway as she went. Nor was it a scene of inglorious ease that was instituted at Leytonstone. That unpretending mansion soon became rather a theater of holy charity and ceaseless activity. Poor orphan ones came thither and found an asylum and an angel of goodness waiting to extend to them her hand, and shelter, and feed, and clothe, and teach them, and train them up for the life everlasting. To this work of mercy was Mary's little fortune, her time, and attainments, and patience, and all the splendid affluence of her spiritual and moral treasures strenuously devoted. "What things were gain to her those she counted loss for Christ." She left father, and mother, and brethren, and lands for the kingdom of heaven's sake. She withdrew from the circles of rank and wealth to mingle with the lowly children of adversity and help to lift them up to a higher and nobler sphere of life and action. She laid by forever the robes of elegance and fashion and assumed cheap and humble apparel, so that she might extend her means of charity and gratify to the utmost limit her passion for beneficence. She retired from a life of ease and splendor to labor day and night for the needy and unfortunate. Of noble descent and nurtured in the lap of abundance, she might have lingered amid charming scenery, and reclined in bowers of beauty, and

mingled in fascinating circles, and fared sumptuously every day, and reveled in all the refined enjoyments of polished life. Yet from all these did she turn away, literally choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. With the utmost deliberation did Mary, of Leytonstone, like Mary, of Bethany, choose the good part which shall never be taken away from her.

And like her of Bethany did Mary Bosanquet delight greatly in sitting at Jesus' feet and hearing his Word. She dwelt much with her Bible, and traveled deeply and far amid the riches of the inspired Revelation. She loved the Holy Scriptures, and her profound experience answered back to a thousand sweet voices from the lively oracles, and she opened her mouth with wisdom, while instructive words would fall from her lips, the tendency whereof was to minister grace to the hearers. At first a neighbor or two only would ask to listen, as Mary in her house and among her orphan pupils proffered her simple exposition of the heavenly teachings. Then others asked to come, that they, too, might sit at the feet of one so wise and good, and welcome the pleasant instructions of her lips.

Thus unwittingly grew this excellent and noble lady to be an expounder of the Holy Scriptures. She seemed one of those daughters that in the last days were to *prophesy*, as foretold by Joel. Mary never dreamed that her Scripture readings and expositions as practiced at her family devotions would lead to so grave a result. It came not into her mind that in the sequel she would sit before large and attentive audiences, embracing at times learned and eminent ministers, all alike deeply interested in the instructions that dropped from her lips. Nor is it for the stranger to intermeddle with the deep struggle of her heart as, in harmony with her views of duty, she undertook so arduous a service. Her modest spirit trembled at the contemplation of such a step. Yet as she ventured she wrought not alone. A great Presence went with her and gave her peace, and her word was confirmed with signs following. Presume not to tell, child of the dust, who alone shall proclaim the holy Gospel in the ears of lost men. Thou doest well to watch rather whether the prophesyings be in Christ's name, and whether the result thereof be hopeful and beautiful.

Thus have we tracked the fair subject of this sketch to where we discern her presiding over what might be termed a school of charity—the fair creation of her own genius and goodness, and sustained and perfected by her own in-

domitable earnestness and overflowing benevolence. In this work of charity did she energize unceasingly during a score of laborious years. Meanwhile, as might well be imagined, her enterprise and labor of love involved her in sad pecuniary embarrassments, under which her pure and conscientious mind struggled with an energy characteristic of heroic spirits, her steadfast eye being never withdrawn from Him who was the source of help in time of need. Dark was the night that long hovered over her; but the star of hope was in her eye, and the favor of God was to her fervent soul a joy forever. Long was she as a cart pressed under sheaves—burdens too great and excessive weighed down her spirit, yet the day of her redemption was looked for, and the day of redemption came.

Mary all along these years of usefulness and trial was unwedded, and to a casual observer there came no suspicion but that her heart was free and untouched by love, except the Christian affection already alluded to, and which a fountain full and pure was welling up within her spirit evermore. Yet was she a lover all the while, and, through more than twice ten years, there was one of whom she often thought, and who was wont to rise on her vision as the choicest and loveliest of the sons of men. It seemed no restless, feverish, or fearful and impatient passion, as it lived and grew within her heart. No mortal besides herself dreamed of such a thing, while Mary herself, perhaps, was scarcely conscious of the flame that was hidden from every other eye. And still it burned, yet not so as to consume nor so as to interfere in the smallest degree with that higher and perfect love which joined her with a union ineffable to her Savior, Christ. She loved, but it was a blameless love, and made sacred by the presence of that mightier love to God and his service which seemed to be the atmosphere wherein she lived, and moved, and breathed.

Mary had seen John Fletcher and heard him when as yet the dew of her youth was upon her brow, and when her soul first opened to receive the balmy influences of heavenly healing. Just when she was bidden away from the pleasant halls and spacious lawns and shades of her paternal home, this vision of beauty arose on her sorrowful eye. For the sake of Christ she left father and mother, and presently a star more lovely and attractive than she had seen before shone forth in splendor amid her darkness.

Yet this seemed all. The two saw each other—the young and devoted Mary and the equally-devoted and eloquent pastor. Then they were separated soon, and for upward of a

score of years looked upon each other no more. Their destinies seemed henceforth separate and diverse, while she amid her circle of orphans, and he away in his parish at Madely, were alike consecrating to God and to good the best and brightest strength of their youthful and maturer years. No interview was had, no correspondence was held, no love-bearing sentence was dropped. Yet those two were kindred hearts, alike in taste and temper, alike in benevolence and zeal, alike in self-denials and sacrifices almost sublime, and in worship and devotion almost seraphic. And these two hearts loved, each love unknown to the other through years and years, yet burning like the vestal fires—a constant and undying flame.

It was too much to say of the one or the other of these beings that in their long absence and apparent indifference they indulged no mental dreams of happier days—days of meeting, of smiling salutation, and, perchance, of wedded love. Thus at what time Mary, through overmuch embarrassment and care, was doomed to walk in sadness, and the way of her feet seemed sternly hedged up before her—how spontaneous is the flight of her thoughts away to linger with one spirit in preference to all others that walked the earth! And it was deep affection's surmise when, in her heart's sweet simplicity, she asked whether her deliverance in some "good time coming" might not be mysteriously associated with that same person. In the achings of the heart we need not wonder at its leanings toward the center of its selectest affections.

The long silence is ended at length, and Mary, with a trembling hand, is breaking the seal of a letter from Mr. Fletcher, and she reads—reads how he has loved her for twenty-five years, how he loves her still as much as ever, and how he feels specially drawn to address her on the subject. It is curious that in her communings with her Heavenly Father she had asked for these precise tokens from him whom she secretly loved, and had asked them as evidence that the consummation of their union would receive the Divine approval.

Mary responds; nor is it difficult to surmise the purport of that first epistle. Nor are we surprised that the correspondence proceeds with "openness and freedom," nor that they meet erelong and "open their whole hearts to each other."

Then presently the marriage day is determined amid difficulties still weighing heavily upon Mary, and she sees not her way through the labyrinth, but trusts mightily in the great Deliverer, and the cloud begins to upheave, and

the last obstacle is swept away just one day previous to the appointed time, and the next morning, a morning without clouds, witnessed the celebration of a marriage union as fortunate and happy and as entirely approved of Heaven as has probably ever transpired in this fallen world. At the bright age of forty-two years—her husband being ten years older—did Mary Bosanquet exchange her protracted term of toil and usefulness as a teacher and benefactress of orphan children for the equally-useful and honorable position of companion and helper of one of Christ's ambassadors. With her it seemed a transit into a far brighter and lovelier dispensation. The burdens and sorrows of laborious years were thus lifted all suddenly from her weary spirit, the blissful visions of long-tried faith were realized in their fullness, and the time of her great and good deliverance was come. Her husband, loved and precious from her youth above all other men, she prized more than ever, now that she beheld him as her own, and witnessed the sublimity of his piety and the amazing fervor wherewith his mighty and ceaseless devotion towered aloft to heaven. Nor was the *husband* lost or annihilated in the *saint*, and as the happy Mary emerges from the wilderness into the delightful paradise of her new existence, "Where," she exclaims, "shall I begin my song of praise? What a turn is there in all my affairs! From what a depth of sorrow, distress, and perplexity am I delivered! How shall I find language to express the goodness of the Lord! Not one of the good things hath failed me of all that the Lord my God hath spoken. Now I have no want but that of more grace. I have such a husband as is in every thing suited to me. He bears with all my faults and failings; his constant endeavor is to make me happy, his strongest desire my spiritual growth. He is in every sense of the word the man my highest reason chooses to obey. . . . O, the fears which filled my soul before and after our marriage! But how causeless they have all proved! I have the kindest and tenderest of husbands; so spiritual a man and so spiritual a union I never had any conception of."

Hand in hand and heart to heart, their souls blended into one, those two beings walked and rejoiced with each other as heirs together of the grace of life. While each was to the other "a dearer self," their mutual love grew more and more tender and full with revolving months, while their sympathy with each other's labors and charity was as perfect and entire as it was felicitous and beautiful; for not only did they rejoice together and rejoice



in each other, but they wrought and strove together, and with unceasing efforts, for the furtherance of the Gospel. After long years of holy living and acting, accompanied with deep baptisms of suffering, they came to each other in life's calm maturity, and with the benefit of long and varied discipline, and were qualified, to the utmost, for a career of happiness and usefulness together such as has been rarely excelled in this world's history.

Alas, that the curtain must fall so suddenly upon such a scene of blessedness! Ere the fourth Summer of their wedded life had withdrawn its shining, the golden bowl, filled to the brim with such delightful happiness, was broken. The great and good Fletcher swiftly winged his way to heaven as in a chariot of fire and a cloud of thick darkness; a sorrow far deeper than ever settled gloomily and heavily over the affectionate and devoted Mary. "O, how shall I write it! On the 14th of August, 1785, the dreadful moment came! The sun of my earthly joys forever set, and the cloud arose which casts the sable on all my future life. At half-past ten on Sabbath night I closed the eyes of my beloved! . . . And here I break off my mournful story! I could say much more; but on my bleeding heart his fair picture of heavenly excellence will be forever drawn. When I call to mind his ardent zeal, his laborious endeavors to seek and save the lost, his diligence in the employment of his time, his childlike condescension toward me, and his uninterrupted converse with Heaven, I may well be allowed to add, my loss is beyond the power of words to paint! O, sir"—she is writing to Wesley—"you know I have trodden deep waters, but all my afflictions were nothing compared with this!"

Such were the moanings and lamentations of this stricken child of sorrow. Lover and friend had been, as if in a moment, smitten from her side, and the sun of her earthly happiness grew dark all suddenly in drear and cold eclipse. And it was, indeed, a shadow of thick darkness. Her anguish was extreme. Every outward support seemed to be withdrawn. Appetite and sleep failed her. The atmosphere appeared bereft of its vivifying power—and sorrow drank up her spirit. Meanwhile the fiery darts of temptation were permitted to harass her in this day of her amazement—faith trembled—and hope seemed ready to perish forever. But great grace came to her, and her head was lifted up above the billows—and she held fast upon the Almighty Hand—and the victory was gained.

Mary came forth from the furnace as gold

seven times purified. It is true, she never forgot her great sorrow. She felt herself forever wedded, in intimate and holy union, to her departed husband. In all the after years of her life his name and memory were most precious. He was always her "dearest love"—and she indulges no allusion to him unseparated from some term of endearment. She views his angel presence forever with her, and contemplates an eternal union with him in brighter worlds.

And Mary walked in widowhood, and drew more closely to God as years increased, and redoubled her diligence in all works of piety and beneficence, and arose to be a mother in Israel; and her lips ceased not to speak of the excellent things of the Gospel, and the consolations of boundless grace were richly meted out to her; and of the eminent "elect ladies" of all ages, she stood among the very foremost; and she ripened into the likeness of Christ, and into full meetness for the heavenly circles, and at the age of seventy-six, and thirty years after her noble husband's departure, she went to hail him in the heavenly country.

Exceedingly fragrant and lovely is the memory of MARY FLETCHER! Such a life and character as hers speak in trumpet tones of the resplendent glory of Christianity. This world, with all its storms, and confusions, and depravity, is still blessed, since its dust has been trodden by feet so beautiful, and so long as we remember that along its hills and vales such as she have lived and died!

Sublimely impressive and precious is the moral of this story! Solemnly does it whisper where dwells the sweet angel of happiness; that she is not to be sought in gardens of beauty, not even in the greenest paradise that earth embraces; that she dwells, rather, amid the paths that lead to God, and lay hold on heaven.

Solemnly does it whisper of a mighty purpose, and of a great and exuberant life, and of gushing and holy influences sweeping afar, and traveling along the generations, and lifting multitudes upward to light, and goodness, and heaven.

And solemnly does it whisper of the true and grand style of life; that it is when, with golden clasp, we link it with the life everlasting, and eagerly gathering up all its magnificent bestowments, launch them all away upon the river that makes glad the city of God; and marshal, amid these fleeting years, ten thousand times ten thousand blissful shapes that shall follow the good forever, amid those brilliant groves and eternal mansions, when "they rest from their labors."

## VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

## XXIII.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ORGANIC LIFE—NATURE  
ISSUES A BULLETIN.

IT is a most interesting fact in the history of the animal creation, that Nature advertised her plans in the very first creative act. In our study of the relics of the earliest ages, we do not find the grand purposes of Infinite Wisdom unfolding themselves by degrees, as type after type of organic life made its advent upon our planet. It is quite true that the full development of Nature's schemes can only be apprehended in the results; and that with our highest wisdom, we are continually surprised at the wealth of resources exposed in the unfolding of a simple plan. But Nature had her plans—and these were mature in the very beginning. All possible contingencies being foreseen, no amendments or modifications have been necessitated by the growth of successive populations and the march of human improvement. The outlines of Nature's grand methods were announced in her initial creative efforts. It was thus in the plan of continental development; it was thus in the plan of the animal creation. It is only in the infinite flexibility of her plans, and in the inexhaustible richness of their filling up, that Nature transcends all the possibilities of human expectation.

To the geologist no fact is more familiar or more patent, than the simultaneous introduction on the earth of three of the four fundamental plans of animal structure, which, in the following ages, were to sport into the infinite variety of individual forms that diversify the surface of the earth at the present day. Radiates, Molluscs, and Articulates furnished representatives in the fauna of the Potsdam Period; and their appearance is so nearly simultaneous that the doctrine of development finds great discountenance in the very first of the facts upon which such a doctrine ought to find its support. Later in the history of the world Vertebrates made their advent; and thus were laid the four corner-stones on which Nature has built the superstructure of the animal creation. Among all the multitudes of organic forms which have been disinterred from the cemeteries of the solid rocks, we have found none which were not conformed to one of the four fundamental types announced in the beginning. Here is no caprice—here is no chance; but the constancy, and order, and persistence of intelligence, foresight, and fixed purpose.

## XXIV.

## ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

When this grand procession of organic forms was marshaling for its movement through time, the Supreme Intelligence sent it forward in four columns, in each of which was dominant one of the four ideas of structure. But as Nature did not range her four fundamental ideas or plans in serial order, so she was equally far from bringing forward the subordinate divisions of each plan in any thing like a fixed, progressive succession. Neither the highest and most exalted forms, nor the lowest and most humble, were ordained to take absolute precedence. In the sub-kingdom of Radiates, the type was introduced by Echinoderms, Aculephs, and Protozoans, the two highest and the lowest of the classes. True coral animals made their appearance a little later. In the sub-kingdom of Molluscs, all the classes stand abreast on their first advent; in that of Articulates the two lower classes, Crustaceans and Worms, preceded by a long interval the Insecteans; and in the sub-kingdom of Vertebrates the classes followed each other in regular gradational succession. Thus we see that so far as class groups are concerned, it is impossible to reduce the order of succession to any general formula. How is it with the orders of the respective classes? Among Echinoderms, Cystideans appeared before Crinideans, Starfishes, and Sea-Urchins; among Aculephs, the horny Graptolites before the Coral-makers; among Protozoans, the Sponges, which ally themselves rather to the Polypti, appeared before the lowest types. On the whole, the order of succession among the groups, based upon relative rank, is, with Radiates, from below upward. With Molluscs, we find the straight and simple Orthoceratites preceding the higher Cephalopods; the arcuate and entire-mouthed Gasteropods leading the higher, flesh-eating families; the Asiphonal Lamellibranchs, antedating those with more complete respiratory apparatus; and the horny-shelled *Lingula* and *Discina*, among Brachiopods, appearing before the stony-armed Spirifers and Terebratulæ. Among the Articulate and Vertebrate classes the gradational succession of the various orders is tolerably perfect; but we must refrain from alluding to specific facts. The following grand generalization rests on a broad survey of data, upon which it would be inappropriate for us to enter. There is no successional relation between the four sub-kingdoms of animals, nor even between the several classes of the invertebrate sub-kingdoms; but among the orders of a class and the classes of the Vertebrates we find generally a progress

from lower to higher in the order of introduction.

But there is also another principle complementary to this which needs to be united to it in order to present us with a true view of Nature's method. There has generally been a downward as well as an upward unfolding of each type from the central forms in which it was first embodied. Trilobites, the first representatives of the crustacean type, belong indeed to the lowest group, but do not lie at the bottom of the group—the lower members, as well as the higher groups, coming into being at subsequent periods. The earliest reptiles were not the lowest of the Amphibians, but Labyrinthodonts, the highest Amphibians; and from this starting-point the reptilian type expanded both upward and downward. Vertebrates began, not with the lowest fishes, but with a grade of fishes above the level of the type in the possession of several reptilian characteristics. From here the type rose still higher to the strongly-Sauroid forms, and descended to the Teliosts, or typical fishes, with their aberrant and degraded forms—the lamprey and the lancelet. We shall arrive, therefore, at the truest expression of the plan of Nature in reference to the succession of organic beings, by saying that each type was first introduced at a nodal point from which the stream of development proceeded in both directions—the lowest forms in many instances being reached only in the modern age, so that in some cases, after the culmination of a type, it has suffered a degeneration into the lower grades already passed.

## XXV.

## DOMINANT IDEAS IN NATURE.

Another fact strikes us in a review of the nature of the succession of life in past time. Life has presented itself not so much in a succession of sharply-restricted organic forms, rising or descending in regular order, as in a succession of *dominant ideas*, each in its own age expressing itself in more than one organic type. Thus, in the reign of reptiles, the reptilian idea was dominant, and we find it invading the structure of the cotemporaneous fishes. Afterward the avian or ornithic idea became dominant, and reptiles were endowed with wings, and even with feathers—if we may credit the reptilian character of the *Griphosaurus* or *Archæopteryx* of Solenhofen, lately discovered. Still later, the mammalian idea became dominant, and the forms of the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus* indexed its impress upon the reptilian class. Even in the age of Molluscs the dominant idea was ex-

pressed in the bivalve nature of the Ostracoid Crustaceans.

Unless we are mistaken, the forms styled "synthetic" or "comprehensive" types may be generalized under the formula of dominant ideas. Comprehensive types are those in which characteristics of one group are ingrafted upon a distinct though kindred stock. The Ganoid fishes are of this kind, since they combine reptilian with fish-like features. The Labyrinthodonts were comprehensive types, because they were Amphibians with the scaly covering of Reptiles. The *Lepidodendra* of the Coal Era combined the characteristics of the Cryptogams with the foliage and general habits of the Conifers. Such a synthesis of types seems to be occasioned by the overlapping of consecutive ideas in time—a penumbra occurring while the last dominant idea is passing under the shadow of the coming one. The Pterosaurs, or flying reptiles, were the most marvelous of all comprehensive types. On the basis structure of a reptile we find ingrafted the head and neck of a bird, the trunk and tail of a quadruped, and the leathery wings of a bat; while, not improbably, their feet were furnished with a web; so that these creatures were fitted for all elements, and showed a synthesis in their own structure of features belonging to each of the four classes of Vertebrates.

The dawn of a new dominant idea in Nature is often foreshadowed by comprehensive types of an anticipatory character; as was the case generally with the earliest of each of the comprehensive types. Before Reptiles were created, hints of coming reptiles were dropped in the constitution of the Fishes—as in the concavo-convex vertebræ of the Crinoids. The winged bird was foreshadowed by the flying and feathered reptiles; and Mammals were heralded by the whale-like and paddle-bearing Ichthyosaurs. What but prophetic types were all of the first-formed creatures belonging to the four grand categories of structure, from which have been developed the diversified beings of after ages? All possibilities of vertebrate existence were folded up in the constitution of the first fish which Omnipotence called into being. In the organization of those primordial Trilobites which figure in the vignette of animal history, were wrapped up in potentiality all the species which creative power has since evolved from the articulate type—lobsters, barnacles, centipedes, spiders, butterflies, beetles. These forms were all in full view of the Intelligence which executed the plan that involved them, and which in its destined unfolding must set them free upon the earth.

Most impressive are the facts which show the

ideas of the far-off coming ages wandering in advance of their time, among the creations of an existing world—like streaks of morning light which herald the approaching sun through all the sky, while the world still sleeps under the reign of darkness. It is as if the thoughts of the Creator were busied with the plans of the distant future, while his hands are occupied with the work of to-day. Thus were incorporated in the organisms of one age hints of the features which were to blossom and unfold in the dominant ideas of the following one. Thus grew into being those "prophetic types" which show that *One Intelligence* has ordered creation—an Intelligence to which the past and the future are both present. Here are the relations of thought, which proclaim in the ears of all men that chance has never reigned in this world, and that unthinking and blind material force has only been the servant of an Intelligent Will.

Hardly less interesting are the phenomena of retrospective types. These lie on the vanishing side of the eclipse. They are the last shadows cast by a type whose central passage was ages ago. The gar-pike, or "bill-fish," of our western waters is a notable example of retrospective types. Some geological cycles since the gar-pikes were the monarch occupants of the waters of the earth. Helmeted and mailed in impenetrable armor, they were secure from the attacks of the most formidable foes. With jaws armed with triple rows of sharp and conical teeth, and endowed with the power of darting like an arrow through the water, there was no cotemporary too swift to capture or too powerful to destroy. The meridian of this dynasty was in the Mesozoic Ages. From that time its power has continued to wane; and in the present age only the *Polypterus* of the Nile and Senegal Rivers, and the *Lepidosteus* of North American waters survive to represent the prestige, and glory, and prowess of a reign which was once inexorable and universal. We may look upon the "bill-fish" of our rivers and lakes with a veneration infinitely more exalted than any belonging to the survivors of the decaying dynasties of human history. Here are the relics of empires in which the Almighty Will has wrought its own purposes; on the other hand are the ruins of fabrics built and defended by the cost of human liberty and human blood, in which human license for a time has been suffered to wrestle against the Almighty Will.

Equally profound is the lesson taught by the *Pentacrinus* of the Caribbean Sea; for it stands there the sole survivor of the Crinoids of the Palaeozoic world. A delicate, stony stem, affixed

to the submarine soil, bears upon its summit a symmetrical cup or body, around the margin of which are supported the five stony arms which ramify into scores of fingers. The whole structure is composed of many thousands of little stony pieces, many of them handsomely sculptured, and all fitted together with mathematical precision. Dr. Buckland demonstrated that the number of separate pieces in a fossil *Pentacrinus* was more than 150,000, while M. de Koninck calculated that an adult specimen of the same species (*Pentacrinus Briareus*) was composed of not less than 615,000 separate pieces. Strange that a type so remarkable in its characteristics should persist in a single representative so many ages after the period to which it was assigned to play its part in the wonderful drama of life!

The Trilobites have long since ceased to exist; but far off in the Antarctic science has brought to light a curious Crustacean (*Glyptonotus antarcticus*) which strongly recalls the extinct form of the Trilobite—as if Nature fondly cherished the reminiscences of her youth. The *Araucaria imbricata* of Chili is in like manner a faithful souvenir of the Conifers of the Coal Period, as the Chinese *Salisburia* is of its Sigillariæ and Ferns.

Thus, on a review of the history of organic life, we are enabled to draw forth its manifold lessons. We learn that the marshaling of its forms is not in such an order as to justify the fascinating doctrine of a generation or genealogical succession, as taught by De Maillet, Oken, Lamarck, St. Hilaire, the "Vestiges," Darwin, Huxley, and others. Still we learn that order has existed, and that Nature's history may be expressed in formulas; we recognize a bond of thought running through the whole length of creation, and feel the assurance that a Higher Power than physical forces has presided over the evolution of the material world. There remains yet for our consideration some of the most exalting and inspiring lessons; and it will be our pleasure to study them on another occasion.

## REPENTANCE.

BY CYRUS WICK.

ALTHOUGH a soul has sunk so low  
That men may loathe and devils scorn,  
Yet it will rise, and live, and glow,  
If true repentant deeds are born;  
Though faint at first its light will grow,  
And dawn to glory like the morn.



## BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. D. F. TEFFT, D. D.

## NIGHT THE NINTH.

A SHORT rest, and, as soon as any thing is ready to be seen, we are out again, with a beautiful sun overhead, to take our last rounds over the great metropolis. We have hitherto been somewhat minute in our observations. Now, on the other hand, we must be a little more rapid in our movements. We have thus far seen but little of the royal residences of London. We are now to visit the palaces of the great and noble.

First of all, of course, we make our way to Buckingham Palace, the Queen's residence when in town, and where strangers are not admitted, without particular introduction, except when she is away from home. She is now away. She has not been in London since the death of her royal consort. So, without the trouble of a letter, we gain an easy admission into the grounds and Palace. We are surprised at the plainness of every thing we behold below, and then ascend the stairway, entering the great halls and chambers, and even into the royal bed-chamber where the Queen sleeps at night, only to find ourselves equally surprised, and for the same cause, every step we take.

The staircase is decorated with frescoes of morning, noon, evening, and night; there are some very beautiful pictures on the walls, some of which, however, seem to be very badly selected for their purpose, and very poorly lighted; the green drawing-room and the throne-room are rather gorgeous, and the same thing may be said of the ball-room and the great saloon; but, as a whole, we are disappointed—pleasantly so—by the almost republican simplicity of this chosen residence of the noble Queen of England. It is about what was to have been expected of this true, simple-hearted, almost domestic English matron.

On going into the royal garden we are delighted to find this magnanimous lady, who sent her son to plant a sprig on the grave of Washington, had also admitted the republican Milton to a fellowship with royalty, there being here a number of frescoes—eight I believe in all—painted on the walls of her Summer-house, taken from Milton's *Comus*.

From the garden we go to the royal stables, where the Queen's forty carriages, and the state-coach, and several scores of blooded horses, with a plenty of men in curious livery, stand ready, night and day, to do her bidding, but have next to no duties to perform, I should think, in return for their costly entertainment!

XI. But here is Lambeth Palace, across the Thames, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, where we devote an hour to the examination of its interesting ecclesiastical antiquities, and then we return to pass in review the many princely mansions in the royal end of London. First comes Apsley House, near which, it is said, once stood the famous "posting-house," called the Pillars of Hercules, and celebrated in one of the romances of Fielding; then Bath House, where Rogers lived, and to which Moore, and Hallam, and Chantrey, and Sydney Smith used to resort to spend their evenings with the wits of London; then Bridgewater House, noted for its rich and costly paintings by the old masters; then Cambridge House, the present town residence of Lord Palmerston; then Chesterfield House, where were composed those "Letters to my Son," which, for heartless and godless etiquette, have long since reached distinction; then Dover House, Grosvenor House, Harcourt House, Hertford House, and Holderness House, none of which have any celebrity, excepting as the residences of their baronial owners; but Holland House interests us deeply, not because it is the ancestral home of a great family, but because it was once the abode of Joseph Addison; and we leave our carriage long enough to go and look upon the identical room where that first of English prose writers composed his world-famed articles for the *Spectator*. This house, it is also said, was once occupied by William Penn, and the servant shows us the very room where the great man had his bed.

Then we ride over to Landsdowne House, where Dr. Priestly, when Librarian of the Earl of Landsdowne, is said to have made the discovery of oxygen, and thus laid the foundations of modern chemistry. Loudon House, where the Bishop of London lives, as well as Montague House, Norfolk House, Northumberland House, and Spencer House, to which we successively ride, give us no particular cause of delay, though they are doubtless filled with libraries and art-collections of great value; but here is Stafford House, of which we have heard so much that we must get admission, and look upon its wonderful collection of the works of the great masters of the brush and chisel. But we have no time for minute descriptions. It is enough to say, that every school of painting, and nearly every style of sculpture, are here brought together for the admiration of those who please to visit them.

We must be off, however, for here is the mansion of the great Sir Robert Peel, where we must stop a few minutes; and then, last, but not least in interest, of these princely dwellings, comes the

residence of the Baron Lionel Rothschild, the first Jew ever admitted into the English Parliament, and the wealthiest man, it is believed, now residing on our planet.

Such are the homes of the first magnates of the British nation. Long have we imagined the style in which the Queen and her nobility pass their days at home; and here, for a few shillings, the whole of their daily experience within doors, and their immediate surroundings, have been laid open to us. We have seen the rooms they sit in, sleep in, and walk in; we have inspected their private, as well as their public saloons and chambers; we have beheld the books they keep and the pictures they have hung up before them; we have gone into their kitchens, pantries, and stables; we have walked out into their yards and gardens, and rambled along upon the paths where they themselves take their morning and evening perambulations. We carry away with us a clear idea of the manner in which they pass their time on earth; but for myself, reader, I am neither dazzled, nor charmed, nor cheated by it. I have read enough of the lives of these great men to know how to pity even the splendid misery that dwells in the midst of all this magnificence. Give me my humble home on the banks of the deep-rolling but tumultuous Penobscot, and our coachman may give the lash to his horses, and carry us away as rapidly as possible from the sight of all this wealth, and show, and costly misery!

XII. As we are now on wheels, indeed, we must take a turn among the celebrated parks of London, and look upon some of the more famous out-of-door monuments of the world's metropolis. The one we now approach, before we have scarcely expressed our desire to see it, is the Park of St. James, which lies between the Houses of Parliament and the Queen's Palace; a very agreeable space of over ninety acres of green and shady earth, with a pleasant lake within it, where little boats lie nodding with the ripples made by the ducks, swans, and boys who are paddling in it. Compared with Boston Common, though larger, it is not as well shaded, the walks are not as well appointed, and the landscape is not half as beautiful; but it has the advantage of facing the residence of Victoria, and the glory of having skirted the garden where John Milton once dwelt, and where he composed several of his immortal poems.

We may add, in passing, that Nell Gwynne and Lord Jeffries had their houses on the opposite side of it; but our coach is rolling along, and we are even now entering upon Hyde Park, an area of more than three hundred acres, whose river, known as the Serpentine, and whose beau-

tiful drives for carriages on either bank of the stream, soon cause us to forget, in the midst of this boundless green and leafy shade, that the most populous city in the world is boiling and thundering all around us.

But we will run out through the iron gate, scarcely having time to look upon the statue of Achilles, so-called, or upon the splendid arches over several of the entrances to this rural landscape, because a leap or two more of our fiery horses will bring us into Kensington Gardens, another park of three hundred and fifty-six acres in extent, around which we roll with the rapidity of a chariot of war, while we seem to be a day's ride from any human habitations, and see nothing but grass, trees, clean walks, and leafy nooks, and the ever-beautiful Serpentine, with a little iron bridge passing over it, near to one end of which stands a statue to the noted Dr. Jenner.

We pass without much observation, as we leave these Gardens, little Green Park, which we saw when making our review of the houses of the English nobles; but our steeds are still alive, and we soon reach the entrance into Regent's Park; another country landscape of nearly five hundred acres, with every green and flowery arrangement that art and wealth can furnish to delight the most fastidious eye. Here, too, are the world-renowned Zoological Gardens, whose cabinet of curiosities is equaled only by its menagerie of more than fifteen hundred animals, which has excited our wonder and admiration on a former day.

From this West End of London, however, not to be matched for these areas of green and shade by any city in the world, we may now roll down to the Thames, and, crossing Battersea Bridge, enter at once upon the goodly park, nearly two hundred acres in extent, on the great river's southern or Surrey side. This is the only breathing-place for this half of London; for here dwell the workingmen and working-women, and working and suffering children of the metropolis; and it is no great matter to the West Enders, who own the capital, and control the legislation of the country, whether this class of the population have any air at all to breathe.

And here we will pause a few moments, and vent our displeasure at this neglect of the toiling million, as there is no other park to go to within the precincts of this half of London, excepting Victoria Park, a space of about two hundred and sixty acres, which we saw on another day, when rambling over the eastern districts of the metropolis. Greenwich Park is sometimes reckoned as belonging to the city, and so is Richmond Park by those who wish to make the

most of these provisions for the enjoyment and healthiness of London; but the one is five miles, the other nine from London Bridge; and we have seen enough in these nearly seventeen hundred acres of open and ornamented country, within this most closely-inhabited of all cities, to give it all due preëminence in the part occupied by the Queen and nobles over all the cities of which history or geography has given us any mention!

XIII. With our literary aspirations, reader, we can not leave this wondrous city without looking at the provision made in it for the education of the people; and it is here that we shall find the greatest contrast between America and this center of the best of the European nations. England is the first of the countries of Europe, and London is the metropolis of its trade, wealth, power, and refinement; but there is no free-school system, as in our own dear land, for the equal instruction of all classes. There is, in fact, no system at all. There are many schools, academies, and colleges; but they are all on separate foundations, each furnishing education to those only who are mentioned in its charter; and that vast majority of the people, not included in any of these establishments, must make their own way along as best they can, or go on through life without an education.

Here is University College, it is true, in this magnificent, but unfinished edifice, erected by the exertions of Lord Brougham and a few other friends of a general system of education, for the purpose of making some provision for the sons of the middle classes, as none but those of the wealthiest can afford the expenses of Oxford and Cambridge. But what do we find, in this boasted popular institution, of any value to a family in moderate circumstances? For instruction only the students pay ninety dollars per annum; and this, with their board, books, clothes, washing, lights, fuel, and fees, will require the annual expenditure of over five hundred and fifty dollars in the cheapest literary institution of its grade in England!

From University College we will now pass over to Somerset House, which we have already found so famous as the abode of the Queen's consort of England, but where now King's College has its local habitation; and here the pupil pays, not including fees, but with a reasonable allowance for books and clothes, about six hundred dollars a year. But this is the next cheapest collegiate institution of the metropolis, where just as many lads can get instruction as there are shares held by those who *own and govern* it.

Sion College, near the old wall of London, founded in 1631, we find to be an old rookery

of an edifice, with a plan of education as old-fashioned, lumbering, and out of joint as the buildings in which it is pursued. The whole is nothing but a fossil, and its only use is, in a historical way, to stand here in the center of the world and show how the sons of a former generation of Englishmen accomplished their "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

Then here is the so-called University of London, in Burlington House, at that part of the West End known as Piccadilly, which was established in 1837 for the laudable purpose of conferring degrees upon those eminent in learning, who, because not members of the Church of England, can take no degrees at the older colleges of the country. This is a noble, liberal, and successful institution, but it is like, every thing educational in England, too dear for the purposes of ordinary people; and its importance is chiefly owing to its influence upon the general literature and literary character of the country.

From Burlington House we will take a circuit round toward Smithfield, famous since the days of the English persecutions, where we find, on the site of an ancient Carthusian monastery, Charter House School, celebrated as the institution where John Wesley received his academical education. It was here, too, that Sir William Blackstone, Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, and William M. Thackeray obtained the rudiments of their erudition. From these walls came also George Grote, the historian of Greece, Dr. Isaac Barrow, one of the fathers of the ecclesiastical literature of England, and General Havelock, the religious hero in the Indian rebellion. It is a most famous spot, but what great thing can an institution do, excepting through the few great minds it educates, which is limited by law to the reception of four-and-forty pupils? Its direct influence on the training of a large population must be quite meager; it has to train many hundreds, nay, thousands, to find one mind of general influence like Barrow, or Addison, or Wesley; and the consequence is that generations rise and pass away in London, to say nothing of England generally, who never so much as know of the existence of this small but noble institution. To you and me, however, my good companion, it is a place of boundless interest. It was here that little Wesley used to run three times a day round the building and its ancient garden. It was here that Blackstone, from the regulations and the ferule of the teachers, obtained his first impressions of the nature and qualities of law. It was here that Joseph Addison studied the primers and spelling-books of a language of which he afterward became the greatest master. This is

the very spot; I have walked all round where Wesley ran; I have stood precisely where Addison and Blackstone, in their curly-headed years, were compelled to sit; I have taken the chair from which their lessons were given them as they stood up before the great man, their tutor, to recite their boyhood tasks; and I have breathed the air of England where these great youth used to breathe it before they had known the world, or the world had ever heard of them!

Another wide turn and a short ride bring us to Newgate-street, where we present ourselves to look into the celebrated Blue-Coat School, founded by the Sixth Edward for the purpose of furnishing free instruction to fatherless and foundling children. But the design of the pious monarch has long since been renounced by its aristocratic managers; and the institution has become a school for the sons of wealthy families. The annual income of the school, from royal and other donations, amounts to two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, out of which three hundred dollars are given toward the expenses of every pupil. This, with economy, would be sufficient for the support of a poor young man in London; and the sum to be yearly appropriated, after deducting the costs and charges of the faculty of instruction, would educate seven hundred of the unfortunate and aspiring youth of this great metropolis; but, under its long-standing aristocratic management, it has ceased entirely from being even a popular institution, it having long since been swallowed up by that so-called noble class, which devours every thing good, and generous, and of general utility in England. About seven hundred and fifty of the sons of rich parents, therefore, come here to Newgate to put on the long, blue coat or gown, the yellow petticoat and stockings, and the red leather girdle of the original charity scholars whom they have ousted from this benevolent foundation. There is a branch of this school at Hertford, where three or four hundred more of these wealthy robbers play the same game upon an equal number of the struggling youth in the vicinity of London. The institution, however, in spite of this perversion, has been of service to the cause of learning and literature in England. Richardson, the novelist, Camden, the antiquary, Stillingfleet, the great literary bishop, were Blue-Coats in their boyhood. Here, too, were educated, among many other eminent men, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who alone would be glory enough for any ordinary institution; but the intentions of the democratic Edward have been, nevertheless, meanly frustrated by those who had the means of educating their sons without violating the

benefactions of the dead, or robbing the poor of this royal charity!

The City of London School, the Mercers' School, and the Merchant Tailors' School, are all expensive institutions for just those few in each who have the right of admission to them; and nothing better can be said of St. Paul's, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, where one hundred and fifty-three lads are daily instructed at a very large expense to each. There is a legend that the founder of this school fixed the number of pupils at one hundred and fifty-three, from the fact that this was the precise number of fish taken by the apostles when commanded to throw their net on the right side of their little ship. Be this as it may, the number is quite too small for a population of three millions; and could we not read the names of Sir Francis Halliday, the chemist, of Edmund Halley, the astronomer, of Thomas Taylor, the philosopher, and of John Milton, the first of English epic poets, the peer of Homer and of Virgil, the present generation would set no high value on an institution of so narrow a foundation.

But there is one more of this class of institutions in the English metropolis, known as the College of St. Peter, or more familiarly as Westminster School, where one hundred and sixty youth are permitted to draw upon the erudition of one usher, one master, twelve almsmen, twelve prebendaries, and a superintending dean, who presides over the literary operations of the college. So numerous a faculty ought to furnish ample instruction to this number of pupils; and we consequently find such names as those of Ben Jonson, Nicholas Rowe, John Dryden, Matthew Prior, Edward Gibbon, Sir Christopher Wren, Robert Southey, and John Locke among the notable pupils of this institution. The main idea of this English system, in fact, is to make great, not many, scholars. It is to educate thoroughly the few who can pay the high prices of a thorough education, while the many may look out for themselves, or go through life as innocent of a common-school education as the horses that unite with them in the labors of the shops and streets!

It will be seen, therefore, that the law makes no provision for education. The schools above mentioned, few and narrow as they are for so vast a population, are such as were founded by individual benevolence; and the only provision, therefore, for the more general instruction of the people, is to be found in what are here called subscription schools, to which the Government makes a small donation, but which are supported mainly by those who erect and own them. But all these, together with the foundation schools



just mentioned, furnish seats for only a little over thirty-five thousand persons, male and female, in a population of which at least seven hundred thousand are between the ages of six years and twenty. In the wealthy capital of the wealthiest nation of modern times, therefore, about nineteen out of every twenty of those who ought to be at school, are left with no opportunity for their regular instruction! Those belonging to families of competent condition may obtain some education at home under the management of governors and governesses, as these domestic tutors are styled in England; but there is only a small portion of the inhabitants able to meet the expenses of this method; and the result is, of which there is the most evident proof in every thing you see and hear in London, as in every part of Britain, that the masses of the people are left to grow up in the most shameful ignorance. The nobility have the most ample means of education, but are not very apt to make the best improvement of their opportunities; the gentry, on the other hand, enjoy less facilities, but make a better use of what they have; and the great men of the nation in every department of intellectual ability are chiefly the *élèves* of this important class; but the two extremes of society, the nobles and the ignobles, the few born to wealth, and the millions doomed to poverty, the one for the want of motive to exert themselves in study, the other for the want of time and opportunity to learn, meet on a common platform of intellectual imbecility—the former being marked for their elegant superficiality of knowledge, the latter for their clownish stupidity of intellect. It was the concession of the London Times, in an article published during my stay in England, that the white population of America is the best educated and most intelligent people of the globe. We will give that aristocratic sheet credit for a solitary truth, and we may hope it will one day see that the cause of this mental superiority of our countrymen is to be found in the republican provision we have made for a free and universal education. Americans may well pray for the adoption of such a system in Great Britain, for it would overthrow the aristocracy, establish a republican condition of society, and make the country an ally, instead of an enemy, to our institutions within the compass of one or two generations!

XIV. It may seem a singular transition, but the reader is requested to go with me now from these halls of learning to those longer, but less illustrious halls, which the necessities of this great city have caused to be constructed for its convenience. To one walking along on the solid pavement, and looking upon the immense bur-

dens carted along the streets, and that, without a perceptible vibration, the foundation of the metropolis seems to be as solid as the hills surrounding it. But this is quite a mistake. The ground-work of London is as hollow as a honeycomb. The streets and blocks stand on buttments and pillars, which rest in turn on the earth many feet below the surface of the city, while the intervening spaces are filled with a wonderful complication of iron pipes, through which the inhabitants above receive their gas and water. But there is a system of pipes, also, returning from the houses, which empty into the sluices excavated for the purpose; and the constant rush of water flowing through these latter conduits, from the overflows of the great aqueducts, keep these subterranean passages quite fresh and clean. A river, several springs, innumerable wells, and a portion of the great Thames itself, is made to pour their currents through these returning pipes and along the wide and well-paved lanes and streets of this inferior side of the metropolis. These lanes and streets are also lighted with gas, like those of the city overhead; and we can walk here, reader, as we now see we may, for a mile or two in any direction, or ramble in all directions at our leisure, not only without soiling our feet, but in an atmosphere constantly washed and rinsed by these floods of gushing and rushing waters. But the emptying of these million currents must foul the Thames past endurance, and render its passage through the city a nuisance, and a source of pestilence? Not at all, my good companion; for look you and behold those immense canals running parallel with the river, and not far from its banks on either side, which receive all these currents, and then convey them, with whatever they contain, several miles below the city, whence they are sent to sea beneath the lighter, because purer, waters of the Thames.

XV. One more view of London, reader, and we will drop the curtain. Most travelers are satisfied with seeing London by daylight. This will not satisfy our ambition. We must see how it looks at night. We desire to get a view of the night-side of London life. We have read of it, as it has been portrayed by the dramatists, historiographers, and romancers of English literature. We will now see it for ourselves. If you are a gentleman, you can rely upon your cane for your defense. If a lady, your confidence and courage, without even the poor help I may lend you, will be an ample and a prompt protection. A woman may shrink for a moment at the prospect of a night upon the streets of London; but we

are in a most noted foreign country—we may never be here again—and even a lady can afford to do what might seem indecorous without a motive so just and innocent. You have a room at the foot of the winding stairway, opening directly from your hotel into a little court or square; and here we sit till half-past seven o'clock, when we take the street, coming in only once during the long night to warm our hands and feet. We have an outside door, which we have learned to manage without troubling the servants of the house; and we care not what the landlord, or the lodgers, or the public may think of our solitary rambles, as it is not our business to explain our behavior to them.

So, here we are on the noted Cheapside, with our faces bent toward the world-known West End of London. We commence our perambulations from the heart of the old city, and, in proceeding to the court-end of town, we shall pass some of those wretched streets, which seem but the purlieus of the infernal regions. We shall have sectional views of every condition and class in London.

Cheapside is simply the leading thoroughfare for all sorts of characters and every kind of vehicle; and the crowd presents a most bustling aspect, as shown to us by these numerous street-lamps and the more numerous lights of the shop-windows. We ramble our way along to the crossing of the famous Aldersgate-street, and then pass over into St. Paul's Church-Yard, and so onward to Holborn Hill, and finally into Oxford-street, which conducts us straight to the great palaces and parks of London. Every step we take we are approaching or leaving some locality made famous by such writers as Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Dickens; for every rod has been woven into the scenes of their graphic pages. But we are now not to think of what others may have said or seen, but to look upon what rises before us for ourselves.

We are struck, at the first, by the classifications of the crowd which we are able to make, or which make themselves to a close observation. When we entered upon our rambles we fell in with a motley throng of clerks, who were returning to the evening's business from their hasty suppers, and then upon a population of laboring people, who, after the day's work and a frugal meal, were seeking their various places of entertainment. During this hour and a half London is mostly on foot, as the omnibuses are running nearly empty, while few cabs or other private vehicles are seen upon the streets.

At nine o'clock the public vehicles are not as plenty as before; nor is there as great a crowd of pedestrians on the side-walks; but the city is overrun with princely carriages, with their golden or silver mountings and varnished wheels glittering in the light, because this is the hour when the nobility go out to their evening entertainments.

At ten o'clock there is a mad, and crazy, and boisterous generation upon the streets—the first emptyings of the drinking saloons—which becomes more numerous, as well as more and more turbid, wild, and noisy, till about half-past eleven, when the theaters and their miserable appendages let out the lower classes of the metropolitan population.

From twelve till half-past one the streets glisten again with the carriages of the great and wealthy, not a few of whose occupants are as vociferous, now and then, as their inebriate brethren from the hells of London.

Now there comes over the metropolis a period of comparative stillness, when the noise you hear seems to be a sort of distant thunder, whose rising and falling tones make us think of a storm that has passed over our heads, and then vents its rage on some remote region of the country. Now the watchmen are wide awake. This is the season of their harvest. The shop-lights are out; the lamps burn fitfully; the streets are darker than we imagined they would be by the mere closing of the shop-windows; and there are left along the streets only the colored globes in the windows of the apothecary stores, and an occasional brilliance bursting from the opening and shutting doors of those drinking-places, whose iniquity never ceases. Now is the time when men are seen skulking through unlighted alleys and around dark corners. Women, too, I am sorry to say, are stealing their way along alone, or standing at the half-open doors of their wretched though oftentimes princely mansions. Here comes a man in a long great-coat, an oil-skin cape, with a rod in his left hand and a lantern in his right. I suppose he has a rattle in his pocket. His cuffs, trimmed with blue and white, tell us what he is. But he comes determined to give us better proof of his profession. He comes directly to us, and holds his lantern so as to illuminate our faces, asking us, at the same time, what our business may be on the streets at this fearful time of night. An honest answer, and our American accent and demeanor, at once satisfy him; and he wishes to know if he can be of any service to our laudable ambition of seeing London.

For a whole hour thereafter, we follow the leadings of the dark lantern, and we behold such sights and scenes as can not be put on paper. They are scenes, however, which will never fade from our recollection. Who, that sees the metropolis by daylight, would imagine it to contain such a population—such poverty, such crime, such wretchedness—as are brought to our view by this one hour's apocalypse!

Our guide offers to conduct us to still more degraded places; but we have seen more than we can bear; and, therefore, part with him as we commence our return toward the place of starting. Like children who have freighted their imaginations with spectral tales till they scarcely dare to face the darkness for a moment, so we grope our way along, upon the half-lighted side-walks, almost startled at every turn, from the revelations of the hour which we have spent among the *infernos* of this modern Babylon.

Several times we see the diligent policemen hastening to and fro, as if they had scented the track of some foul proceeding; and once there is a rush and a scream from a miserable alley as we pass, where we tarry a moment to see four policemen dragging a struggling girl of about twenty Summers, who is on the way to the nearest police-station. We follow, of course, for we came out to look upon the dark side of London; and we soon find ourselves in a sort of box, lighted brilliantly with gas, where we behold a man buttoned up in a huge great-coat, sitting behind a railing, with a large folio volume lying out before him. The girl is simply drunk and disorderly. Her name and residence are given to the man behind the folio, and she is conducted back to her abode, though making the streets echo to her angry and incoherent ravings.

We stand a moment to ask a few questions of the folio man. This is his twenty-fourth case, or "charge" as he calls it, since nine o'clock; and not far from his feet lies a pile of rags, which he declares to us are the garments of a living woman, whose heavy breathing is sufficient proof of her sad condition. Folio tells us, also, that he has thirteen "charges" in the cells behind him, seven of whom are disorderly girls, two of them boys under fifteen years of age, while the remainder are three old sots well known at this station, and a young man of a good family, who sought shelter here for the last hours of a wicked night, as he could not encounter the eyes of his good father in the plight in which his revelings had left him. Gracious Lord, what a world of

misery has man made of this thy once fair creation!

We can endure this scene no longer; and we feel refreshed, on stepping out of this little court of justice, as we inhale the early air of the evidently-approaching morning. It is now nearly four o'clock; and we perceive, in the growing but still distant murmur of the great emporium, that the metropolis is beginning to awake out of its deeper slumbers. A solitary cab comes trundling along the street, making as much racket as a dozen cabs have any right to make, or could make by daylight. We walk half a mile, however, and count but nine human beings on the street, excepting the policemen, who are becoming less in number as they see honest men beginning to take possession of the side-walks. We are stopped twice, however, after half-past four, and called upon for our reasons for taking the chill air so early in the morning. But a truthful reply saves us from all further interference; and when the clocks chime five, amid quite a sprinkling of early walkers, with here and there a carriage, and sometimes half a dozen of them in succession, we begin to make our way more earnestly toward our place of lodging. Daylight has quite a struggle in making its way through the overhanging cloud of smoke and fog; but it gets the victory at last; the street-lights are turned off; the thoroughfares begin to fill up with vehicles and a working population; at six o'clock, we try to read the shop signs in Little Britain; and at seven, with a knowledge of this world-emporium, which a year of daylight rambles could not have given us, we step into your little room, reader, at the foot of the little winding stairway, never to forget what we have seen and learned during this solitary but memorable all night on the streets of London.

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### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

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BY ARBIE H. DENNETT.

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"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

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AT times clouds of leaden hue veil the sky till not one glimpse of blue can be seen, gaze we never so earnestly; earth and air alike seem fraught with gloom; the clouds thicken and darken, till at last rain descends in torrents, and, perchance, the storm continues for days ere sunny arrows pierce the clouds, and gladden the earth with new light and beauty; and yet, through all, we know that behind

those dun clouds the sky is soft and blue, and the sun shines in undimmed splendor, though we neither see nor feel its beams; believing this, we wait, trustingly, till the bright rainbow-arch spans the heavens, and sunbeams flash on dripping leaves and tiny blossoms, whose chalices have been brimmed by the refreshing shower.

Even thus, at times, the traveler toward the heavenly land finds earthly sorrows and troubles gathering darkly around him; the path becomes hard and thorny, and dims in the increasing shade; ere long the fierce storm of affliction bursts upon his defenseless head; Wealth unfurls her hitherto hidden pinions, and departs forever; friends forsake or deceive; dear ones speak the last fond word ere death bears them away to the silent land; one by one all earthly treasures are torn from his grasp; and, while suffering and bleeding from their loss, while exclaiming in bitterness of heart, it may be, "All these things are against me," he learns—perchance all undreamed before—that he has clung *too closely* to them, till they have become a part of his own life, and must needs be wrenched away lest his affections be wholly set upon them.

But if the pilgrim looks heavenward with the eye of faith, he will discover the light of the Father's love beaming with undiminished luster above the dense cloud of earthly sorrows; if he leans trustingly upon Jesus he will be guided along the rough, dark path, and away in the dim distance he will see the soft gleaming of the pearly gate, obscured *only* when he fails to look "onward and upward." Though the Cross press heavily upon his aching breast, if he clings closely to it a Divine Hand will help sustain the burden, and rays of living light will play around the Cross, cheering and illumining the stormy darkness.

Christian traveler, believest thou not that these trials will eventually prove *blessings* to thy soul? Dost thou not need rain to soften thy hardening heart, that, as in a "watered garden," the drooping buds of Faith, Hope, and Love may blossom with new beauty? Dost thou doubt that these sorrows will yet grow bright with the rainbow-hued arch of promise? "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," may yet be the response of thy heart.

Remember, our Father "doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men," and yet "whom he loveth he chasteneth." Therefore, accept thou all thine afflictions willingly, knowing that, though grievous now, they shall work out joy, and peace, and righteousness hereafter.

### A MEMORY.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

"FOR we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Softly fell these words from the lips of the minister, yet clearly and distinctly.

My thoughts were not of him, not of the quaint little church, not of the meek-faced worshipers among whom I sat; they were even of the Winter-wind that was making grand, sobbing music outside; but when his clear, low tones pronounced that familiar passage, the wildly-beautiful refrain of the storm was forgotten. In an instant I saw a darkened chamber—a white couch—a pale, patient face, with loving blue eyes, and kind, kind hands, which had full often rested on me in blessings. Again I lived over the weeks that in alternate hope and fear we stood beside her. Again, in the silence of midnight, I heard a dear voice, tremulous with death, bidding me repeat, "For we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"—seeming to her boiling heart so full of "the peace that passeth understanding," like a glorious earnest of the better life and the better land into which she was entering. Again that last night of intense yet uncomplaining suffering was before me, and I kneeled with the weeping band around her bed, baptizing the cold clay with tears, while the passing spirit was receiving the blessed baptism of immortal life. Again I saw the last, feebly-drawn breath of the friend who had always been so loyal-hearted to me in my childhood as well as girlhood. Better, truer friend I never had—never could have, except my own mother. Now the white snow was lying on her grave, and the troubled wind passed over her unheeded. The quiet heart was responseless to all the tender blandishments of life and love. Yet still full often, when daylight and twilight are mingling, and my soul, as is its wont, calls proudly and hopefully for its cherished ones, she comes to me, with a voiceless spirit-throng from the shadowy chambers of the "silent land," *whereof we can only dream*, and by the peace that stealth quietly over me, I know that the lips of the dead have kissed me. I have wept wildly, but selfishly I mourn no longer.

"Let her sleep!

I have no more tears to weep;  
Whether is she better dead,  
God's great mercy overhead,  
Than to be as I to-night,  
Sorrowful for vanished light?"



PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF  
NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. E. F. CHART, D. D.

BONAPARTE FIRST CONSUL.

At last, on the 13th of June, in the evening, the First Consul arrived at Torre di Goliolo. Although it was late and he was overcome with fatigue, he would not go to bed till he had assured himself whether the Austrians had a bridge across the Bormida or not. At one o'clock, A. M., the officer charged with the duty of ascertaining the facts returned and reported that no bridge was there. That report tranquilized the First Consul; he required exact information of the position of the troops, and then lay down, believing that he would not have an engagement the next day.

Our troops occupied the following positions: Gardanne's and Chambarliac's Divisions, forming the *corps d'armée* of General Victor, were encamped on the declivities of the Pedra-Bona, before Marengo, and at an equal distance from the village and the river. The corps of General Lannes was thrown before the village of San-Giuliano, on the right of the road to Tortone, and about three-quarters of a mile from Marengo. The Consular Guard was placed in reserve behind the troops of General Lannes at a distance of about half a mile. The brigade of cavalry under the orders of Kellerman, and some squadrons of hussars and of chasseurs, formed the left and filled up on the first line the intervals between the Divisions Gardanne and Chambarliac. A second brigade of cavalry, commanded by General Champeaux, formed the right and filled up on the second line the intervals between the infantry of General Lannes. Finally, the 12th regiment of hussars and the 21st of chasseurs, detached by Murat, under the orders of General Rivand, occupied the approaches of Sale, a village situated at the extreme right of the general position. All these corps *écheloné*d obliquely, the left in front, formed an effective force of eighteen or nineteen thousand infantry, two thousand five hundred cavalry, to which were united in the maneuvering of the next day the Divisions Mounier and Boudet, who, under command of General Desaix, occupied in the rear, about ten leagues from Marengo, the villages of Acqui and Castel-Novo.

On his side during the day, the 13th of June, General Melas had succeeded in uniting the troops of Generals Haddik, Kaim, and Ott. The same day he had passed the Tanaro and

had bivouacked before Alexandria with thirty-six thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, and a numerous, well-served and skillfully-managed artillery. At five o'clock Bonaparte was aroused by the sound of cannon. At the same instant, and while he was clothing himself, an aidecamp from General Lannes came in full speed and announced to him that the enemy had passed the Bormida, that he had *debouched* in the plain, and that he was already engaged. Head-quarters were not far enough in advance—there was a bridge across the river.

Bonaparte mounted his horse immediately and made all haste to reach the point where the battle had begun. He found the enemy formed there in three columns: the one, that of the left, composed of all the cavalry and light infantry, directed toward Castel-Ceriolo by the road of Sale, while the columns of the center and the right both assisting, composed of the corps of infantry of Generals Haddik, Kaim, O'Reilly, and the reserves of grenadiers under command of General Ott, advanced by the route of Tortone and by the road of Fragarolo ascending the Bormida.

On the first advance of these two columns they had come in contact with the troops under General Gardanne, which were posted, as we have said, on the ground near the ravine of the Pedra Bona. It was the sound of numerous artillery which marched toward them, and before which they deployed from battalions three times superior in numbers to those which attacked them, which had awakened Bonaparte and drawn the lion to the field of battle. He arrived at the moment when the Division Gardanne, overwhelmed, began to fall back, and General Victor advanced to his succor the Division Chambarliac. Protected by that movement, the troops of Gardanne effected their retreat in good order and covered the village of Marengo.

Then the Austrian troops ceased to march in column, and, profiting by the nature of the ground, which widened in front, they deployed in parallel lines numerically vastly superior to the forces of Generals Gardanne and Chambarliac. The first of these lines was commanded by General Haddik, the second by General Melas in person, while the corps of grenadiers of General Ott were formed a little in the rear at the right of the village of Castel-Ceriolo. A ravine, hollowed out like an intrenchment, formed a half circle around the village of Marengo. General Victor established there in line of battle the Divisions Gardanne and Chambarliac, which had just been attacked the second time. They were scarcely posted when

Bonaparte sent an order to them to defend Marengo as long as possible; the General in Chief comprehended that the battle would bear the name of that village. In a moment the action began anew along the whole front of the line; infantry fired from each side of the ravine, cannon roared, pouring grape-shot upon the lines within pistol-shot. Protected by that terrible artillery, the enemy, superior in numbers, had nothing to do but to extend their front in order to flank us. General Rivand, who commanded the extreme right of the Brigade Gardanne, threw himself forward, arranged his line out of the town under the hottest fire of the enemy, placed a battalion in the open country, and ordered it to perish before retreating a step. This was a target for the Austrian artillery, which every ball struck; but meantime General Rivand formed his cavalry in column, passed round the protecting battalion, fell on three thousand Austrians who were advancing to a charge, repulsed them, and, although wounded badly, forced them, after seeing them thrown into disorder, to go behind their own lines to re-form; then he immediately places himself in battle on the right of the battalion, which had remained firm as a wall. In this moment the Division of General Gardanne, on which the fire of the enemy had thickened since the early morning, was thrown into Marengo, whither the first line of the Austrians followed, while the second line prevented the Division Chambarliac and the Brigade of Rivand from bearing it succor; besides being repulsed, they are obliged immediately to retreat from each side of the village. Behind it they unite; General Victor re-forms them, and recalling to them the importance which the First Consul attaches to the possession of Marengo, he places himself at their head, penetrates in turn the streets which the Austrians had not time to barricade, retook the village, lost it again, carried it a second time, then, finally overpowered by superiority in numbers, he is forced to abandon it for the last time, and, assisted by the two Divisions of Lannes, who came to his aid, he re-forms his line parallel to that of the enemy, which in its turn *debouched* from Marengo and developed itself, presenting an immense line of battle. Just then Lannes, seeing the two Divisions of General Victor rallied and ready to sustain a new attack, extended his line on the right when the Austrians were attempting to flank us. That maneuver placed him face to face with the troops of General Kaim, which had just emerged from Marengo; both corps, the one exulting in the beginning of victory, the other fresh from repose, met

with fearful rage, and the combat, an instant interrupted by the double maneuver of the two armies, recommenced along the whole line more furiously than ever.

After a struggle of an hour, foot to foot, bayonet to bayonet, the *corps d'armée* of General Kaim yielded and fell back; General Champeaux, at the head of the 1st and 8th regiments of dragoons, charged on him and increased his disorder. General Watrin, with the 6th light infantry, the 22d and 40th of the line, pursued him and drove him near a half mile beyond the little stream of Barbotta. But the movement which he had just made had separated him from his *corps d'armée*, and the Division of General Victor found themselves compromised even by their victory, and were obliged to return to the position which it had for a moment left exposed.

At that instant Kellerman did at the left wing what Watrin had done at the right; two of his cavalry charges had pierced during the day the enemy's lines, but after the first line he had found a second, and, not daring to attack the overwhelming numbers, he had lost the fruits of a momentary victory.

At noon that line, which undulated like a serpent of flame along its whole length of a league, was broken at the center, after doing all that it was possible for man to do, and began to retreat, not only beaten, but furrowed by the fire of the artillery and overwhelmed by the shock of the massed enemy. The corps in falling back would expose the wings, the wings would be forced to follow the retrograde movement of the center, and General Watrin on one side and Kellerman on the other were obliged to order their divisions to retreat. The retreat was made immediately in squares under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery, which preceded the march of the Austrian battalions.

While traversing two leagues, the compact army, furrowed by balls, decimated by grape, ground to pieces by shell, fell back without a single man quitting his rank to fly, executing the various movements, commanded by the First Consul, with the regularity and coolness of a parade. At this time the first Austrian column, which, as we have said, was directed on Castel-Ceriolo and had not yet given it up, appeared, flanking outright. It would have been too much of a reinforcement. Bonaparte decided to employ the Consular Guard, which he had held in reserve with two regiments of grenadiers. He ordered them to advance half a mile beyond the extreme right, and to form in squares, and stop Elsnitz and his column, as a *redoubt of granite*. General Elsnitz commit-

ted the fault into which Bonaparte hoped he would fall. In place of neglecting these nine hundred men, who were not to be feared in the rear of a victorious army, and of passing beyond them to the aid of Melas and Kaim, he fell furiously on these few brave men, who used all their cartridges without being beaten, and who, when they had no more ammunition, received the enemy on the points of their bayonets.

Meantime, that handful of men could not long hold out thus, and Bonaparte sent to them the order to follow the retrograde movement of the rest of the army; but just then one of the Divisions of Desaix, that of General Mounier, appeared in the rear of the French line. Bonaparte trembled with joy—it was half the force he had expected. Immediately he exchanged some words with General Dupont, chief of his staff. General Dupont threw himself before the division, and, taking command, found himself in an instant surrounded by the cavalry of General Elsnitz; he dashes through these ranks, falls with terrible fury on the Division of General Kaim, which had just begun to penetrate the forces of General Lannes, drove the enemy even to the village of Castel-Ceriollo, threw into it one of his brigades under the orders of General Carra Saint Cyr, who drives from the village the Tyrolese chasseurs and the *chasseurs du coup*, taken unexpectedly by that sudden attack; Dupont orders Saint Cyr, in the name of the First Consul, to die with all of his men rather than retreat, then, disengaging in turn the battalion of the Consular Guard and the two regiments of grenadiers, who, in the sight of the whole army, have made such a heroic defense, he unites the division to the retrograde movement, which continues with the same order and precision.

It was three o'clock in the evening. Of nineteen thousand men who had commenced the battle at five o'clock in the morning there remained on the radius of two leagues scarcely eight thousand infantry, a thousand cavalry, and six pieces of cannon in a condition to be used; a quarter of the army was *hors de combat*, and more than one-fourth, for want of wagons, was engaged in bearing away the wounded, whom Bonaparte had given orders not to abandon. The whole army was falling back, except General Carra Saint Cyr, who, isolated in the village of Castel-Ceriollo, found himself already more than a league from the *corps d'armée*. A half hour more and it was evident that the retreat would be changed to a rout; but just then an *aiddecamp*, sent from the advance Division of Desaix, on whom in that hour

depended not only the fortune of the day, but the destiny of France, arrived at full speed, announcing that the head of his columns were on the heights of San-Giuliano. Bonaparte turns, perceives the dust which indicated their march, casts his eye along the whole line and cries, "Halt!" The electric word ran along the battle line; all stand immovable. In that moment Desaix arrives, a quarter of an hour in advance of his Division. Bonaparte shows him the plain strewn with the dead, and asks him what he thought of the battle. Desaix comprehended the whole at a glance.

"I think it is lost," said he; then drawing his watch—"but it is only three o'clock, and we have still time to gain another."

"That is my opinion," replied Bonaparte laconically, "and I have maneuvered for that."

In fact, here began the second act of the day, or rather the second battle of Marengo, as Desaix called it. Bonaparte went to the front of the line, which was pivoted on the rear and extended from San Giuliano to Castel-Ceriollo.

"Comrades," cried he in the midst of bullets which raised the dust around the feet of his horse, "we have retreated far enough; the time has come for us to advance; you have not forgotten that it is my custom to sleep on the battle-field."

The cries of "*Vive Bonaparte, vive le premier Consul*," were raised on every side, and mingled with the sound of the drums which beat the charge.

The different *corps de armée* were then *échelonnés* in the following order: General Carra Saint Cyr occupied, despite all the efforts of the enemy to dislodge him, the village of Castel-Ceriollo, the pivot of the whole army. After him came the second brigade of the Division Mounier and the grenadiers of the Consular Guard, which for two hours had held out alone against the entire *corps d'armée* of General Elsnitz. Then came the two Divisions of Lannes; then Boudet's Division, which had not yet fought, at the head of which was General Desaix himself, who, smiling, said that it would turn out unfortunately for him, because the Austrian bullets had not been acquainted with him for two years, during which he was in Egypt. At the last came the Divisions Gardanne and Chambarliac, which were worse treated than any others that day, and of which there remained scarcely fifteen hundred men. All these divisions were placed diagonally in the rear of each other. The cavalry was held on the second line ready to charge between the intervals of the corps; the Brigade of General Champeaux on the road to Tortone, that of General Keller-

man was in the center between the Corps of Lannes and Boudet's Division.

The Austrians, who had not seen the reinforcements which had come to us, and who believed the day theirs, continued to advance in good order. A column of five thousand grenadiers, commanded by General Zach, debouched along the main road and made a charge on Boudet's Division, which covered San Giuliano. Bonaparte placed a battery of fifteen pieces of cannon, which had just arrived, so as to shield Boudet; then by a simultaneous cry, extended along the whole line of a whole league, he orders an advance. This is the general order—behold the special orders: Carra Saint Cyr will leave the village of Castel-Ceriolo, will overturn whatever opposes him, and will seize the bridges on the Bormida in order to cut off the retreat of the Austrians; General Marmont will unmask his artillery when the enemy shall approach within pistol shot; Kellerman, with his heavy cavalry, will make one of those gaps in the line opposed to him which he knows so well how to make; Desaix, with his fresh troops, will annihilate the column of grenadiers of General Zach; finally, Champeaux, with his light horse, will charge as soon as the pretended conquerors shall beat a retreat.

These orders were carried out as soon as given. Our troops by a single movement have again taken the offensive. On all the line musketry resounds, cannons roar; the terrible steps of the charge are heard, accompanied by the Marseillaise; each chief, standing on the banks of the defile, is ready to enter the plain; the unmasked battery of Marmont vomits fire; Kellerman launches forth with his cuirassiers and traverses the two lines; Desaix leaps the ditches, scales the heights, arrives on a little eminence, and falls at the moment when he turns to see if his division follows him. His death, instead of diminishing the ardor of his soldiers, redoubles it; General Boudet takes his place, rushes forward on the column of grenadiers, who receive him on the point of their bayonets. In that moment Kellerman, who, as we have said, has already crossed the two lines, turns, beholds Boudet's Division engaged with that immovable mass, which he can not force to give way; he charges them in the flank, penetrates to their center, opens their squares, quarters them, breaks them to pieces; in less than half an hour these five thousand grenadiers are overwhelmed, ruined, dispersed; they disappear like smoke; as though smitten by lightning, they are annihilated. General Zach and his chief of staff are made prisoners; they are all that remain of them.

Then the enemy in his turn attempts to employ his immense cavalry force, but the continual fire of musketry, the devouring grape, and the terrible bayonet stops them short. Murat maneuvers on their flanks with two pieces of light artillery and a howitzer, which sends death after them as they fled. Just then a caisson leaps into the Austrian ranks and augments the disorder; it is the one which attends General Champeaux with his cavalry. He rushes ahead, hides the small number of his force by a skillful maneuver, and penetrates to the very center of the enemy's ranks. The Divisions of Gardanne and Chambarliac, which have the retreat of the whole day in their hearts, fall on the enemy with all the ardor of revenge. Lannes places himself at the head of his two *corps d'armée* and advances, crying, "Montebello! Montebello!" Bonaparte is everywhere. Then all give way, recoil, disperse. Austrian generals in vain try to sustain the retreat—it is changed into a rout; the French divisions in half an hour overrun the plain, which they have defended foot by foot for four hours. The enemy does not stop till he reaches Marengo, where he re-forms under the fire of sharpshooters, which General Carra Saint Cyr has stretched from Castel-Ceriolo to the stream Barbotta.

But the Divisions Gardanne and Chambarliac pursued the enemy in turn from street to street, from square to square, from house to house. Marengo is seized; the Austrians retire toward the position of Pedra-Bona, where they are attacked on one side by three divisions furiously pursuing them and on the other by the demi-brigade of Carra Saint Cyr. At nine o'clock in the evening Pedra Bona is carried, and the Divisions Chambarliac and Gardanne have retaken the position they held in the morning. The enemy hurries toward the bridges in order to pass the Bormida. They find there Carra Saint Cyr, who has preceded them. Then they seek the fords, cross the river under the fire of our whole line, which does not cease till ten o'clock. The wrecks of the Austrian army regained their camp at Alexandria; the French army bivouacked before their intrenchments at the head of the bridge. The day had cost the Austrians four thousand, five hundred killed, eight thousand wounded, seven thousand prisoners, twelve standards, and thirty pieces of artillery. Never, perhaps, did Fortune show herself in the same day under aspects so diverse. At two o'clock in the afternoon it was a defeat and its disastrous consequences; at five o'clock it was victory come again, faithful to the flag of Arcole and Lodi; at ten o'clock it was Italy



reconquered by a single stroke, and the throne of France in prospective.

The next day early the Prince of Lichtenstein presented himself to the advance guards. He bore to the First Consul the propositions of General Melas. They did not suit Bonaparte, who dictated his own and sent them in exchange. The army of General Melas would be permitted to go free, and with the honors of war, but on conditions that the whole world would recognize, and which would place the whole of Italy under the French Government.

The Prince of Lichtenstein returned that evening. The conditions had appeared hard to Melas, who, at three o'clock regarding the day as gained, had abandoned the rest of our defeat to the generals, and had returned to repose at Alexandria. But on the first observations which the envoy made Bonaparte interrupted him.

"Sire," said he, "I have told you my last conditions; bear them to your general, return promptly, for they are irrevocable. Do you think that I do not know your condition as well as yourselves? I have not made *war only since last Winter*. You are blocked up in Alexandria; you have many sick and wounded; you are needing provisions and medicines. I occupy all your rear. You have lost in killed and wounded the *élite* of your army. I would exact more, and my position authorizes me to do so; but I moderate my demands out of respect for the gray hairs of your general."

"These conditions are hard, sir," replied the Prince, "particularly that of surrendering Genoa, which has yielded during the last five days after so long a siege."

"Let not that disquiet you," replied the First Consul, showing to the Prince the intercepted letter; "your Emperor has no knowledge of the taking of Genoa, and there is no need of telling him."

The same evening all the conditions imposed by the First Consul were acceded to, and Bonaparte wrote to his colleagues:

The next day after the battle of Marengo, citizen Consuls, General Melas has made the request of my advance guard that he would permit him to send to me General Skahl. We have determined during the day the conditions of an agreement which you will find inclosed. It was signed during the night by General Berthier and General Melas. I hope that the French people will be content with its army.

BONAPARTE.

Thus was accomplished the prediction that the First Consul had made to his secretary in his study at the Tuileries four months before.

Bonaparte returned to Milan, where he found the city illuminated and in transports of joy.

Massena, whom he had not seen since the campaign in Egypt, awaited him there, and received the command of the army of Italy in recompense for his valorous defense of Genoa.

The First Consul returned to Paris in the midst of the acclamations of the people. His entrance into the capital took place in the evening. The next day the Parisians heard of his return; they went *en masse* to the Tuileries with such cries and so great enthusiasm that the young conqueror of Marengo was obliged to show himself on the balcony.

Some days after a new horror depressed the public joy. Kleber had fallen at Cairo under the poniard of Soliman-el-Alebi the same day that Desaix fell on the plains of Marengo under Austrian bullets. The convention signed by Berthier and General Melas in the night which followed the battle had led to an armistice concluded on the 5th of July, broken on the 5th of September, and renewed after gaining the battle of Hohenlinden. During this time conspiracies were rife. Cerachi, Arena, Topineau le Brun, and Demerville had been arrested at the opera, where they were approaching the First Consul to assassinate him. An infernal machine had exploded in Rue-Saint-Nicaise twenty-five steps from his carriage, and Louis XVIII wrote to Bonaparte letter after letter to induce him to give him back his throne. The first letter, dated the 20th of February, 1800, was thus conceived:

Whatever may be their apparent conduct, I am never, sir, disquieted by the acts of such men as you. You have accepted an eminent place, and you know the satisfaction it yields. No one knows better than yourself that force and power are necessary to establish the happiness of a great nation. *Save France* from her own passions and you will have accomplished the wish of my heart. Give her back her king, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the State for me to do without you, and I will, by conferring upon you the most important positions, pay the debt of my ancestors and my own.

[Signed,]

LOUIS.

That letter remaining unanswered, it was followed by another, which ran thus:

For a long time, General, you ought to know I have held you in the highest esteem. If you doubt that I am susceptible of the claims of friendship, mark your place, fix the fate of your friends. As according to my principles *I am a Frenchman*, clement by character, I shall be still more so by reason. No, the conqueror of Lodi, of Castiglione, of Arcole, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt can not prefer to seal glory a vain celebrity. Meantime you are losing precious time. We can assure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I have need of Bonaparte, and he can not do without

me. General, Europe is looking upon you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to give peace to my people.

LOUIS.

Bonaparte replies on the 24th of September following:

I have received your letter. I thank you for the kind expressions you employ toward me. You ought not to think of your return to France; it would be necessary for you to march over a hundred thousand dead bodies. Sacrifice your own interests to the repose and honor of France. History will hold you to an account. I am not insensible of the misfortunes of your family, and I learn with pleasure that you are surrounded by all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retreat.

BONAPARTE.

Let us recall here, in order to complete the history of these negotiations, the famous letter in which, three years later, Louis XVIII maintained his pretensions to the throne of France: "I do not confound Monsieur Bonaparte with those who have preceded him; I esteem his valor, his military talents. I gratefully recognize many acts of his administration, for the good which one does to my people will always be dear to me. But he deceives himself if he believes that I will consent to any trampling upon my rights; far from this, he would establish them himself, if they could be litigated, by the course he is pursuing at this time. I ignore what may be the designs of Providence in reference to my race or myself, but I recognize the obligation He has imposed upon me by the rank wherein he has caused me to be born. A Christian, I will fulfill these obligations to my latest breath. Son of St. Louis, I will follow his example and respect myself even in chains. Successor of Francis I, I desire at least to have the power to say, 'I have lost all except honor.'"

After this brief digression, showing the struggles of sinking royalty, and the un pitying devotion of the man of destiny to his own star, let us return to the story.

At last, on the 9th of February, 1801, the treaty of Luneville was signed. It recalled all the clauses of the treaty of Campo-Formio, ceded anew to France all the States situated on the left bank of the Rhine, indicated the Adige as the limit of the Austrian possessions, forced the Emperor of Austria to recognize the Cisalpine republics—the Dutch and the Swiss—and finally to give up Tuscany to France.

The Republic was at peace with all the world except England—its *old and eternal enemy*. Bonaparte resolved to force her into a peace by a grand demonstration. A camp of two hundred thousand men was collected at Boulogne, and

an immense number of vessels, destined to transport that army, were anchored in all the ports of the north of France. England was frightened, and on the 25th of March, 1802, the treaty of Amiens was signed.

During this time the First Consul marched insensibly toward the throne, and Bonaparte became step by step Napoleon.

On the 15th of July, 1801, he signed a *concordat* with the Pope; on the 21st of January, 1802, he accepted the title of President of the Cisalpine Republic; on the 2d of August following he was nominated Consul for life; on the 21st of March, 1804, he caused the Duke d'Enghien to be shot in the trenches of Vincennes.

The last act in the drama of the Revolution was the submitting to France of this question, "*Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be the Emperor of the French?*" Five millions of signatures responded affirmatively, and Napoleon mounted the throne of Louis XVI.

Meantime, three men protested in the name of *literature*—that eternal republic which has no Cæsar, and recognizes no Napoleon. These men were Lemercier, Ducis, and Chateaubriand.

The ascent of Napoleon was so rapid that men were astounded when they beheld him on the pinnacle. The dizzy height would have turned the brain of most mortals. Napoleon gazed upward still with an ambition that took no note of the past. His empire was to expand till it included Europe, his fame rise till it greeted the stars. Behold how Providence deranges the schemes of men—"the lone, rocky isle" is his narrow home, and chafed, imprisoned, insulted by brutal subordinates of that hated power, whose generosity he had in vain trusted, he dies! We bid adieu to the First Consul, and look for the mighty Emperor, Napoleon I.

#### REJOICE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

Not that the earth is yours,  
Inheritors of light—  
Not that the spirits dire  
Of evil take their flight;

But that ye know the Heavenly Shepherd's voice.  
Meek, patient, earth-worn, weary ones, rejoice!

Not that ye shall be filled,  
For all your want and thirst—  
Not that ye shall be paid  
For those your pity's nursed;  
But that your names are with the Crucified—  
Enrolled to live for aye since Christ hath died.

## DR. GREGORY'S PATIENT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I WOULD N'T go, George. Let them find some other doctor. People of that class are always fancying that they are going to die on the slightest occasion. Do for this one time consult your own comfort, and not take this long ride for nothing such a fearfully hot day."

People are often better than their words. Mrs. Laura Dunlap was sincere in hers. They represented her attitudes of mind, her real state of feeling; not a peculiar or occasional one, but the habitual tone of her character.

She was still a young woman, and had been the wife of a wealthy city merchant for more than three years. An accomplished, vivacious woman, socially gifted and attractive, with a graceful figure, and bright, pretty face, Mrs. Laura Dunlap was a type of a very large class of her sex. She was thoroughly worldly, self-indulgent, and, notwithstanding her attractive manner, her pleasant face, and winning voice, in real essence shallow and selfish.

She was now making her yearly visit to her brother, who was the principal physician in the pleasant, rambling old town of Stoneham, a man still young and unmarried, although two years his sister's senior. Mrs. Dunlap was really fond of her only brother, as indeed any sister might have been. She could appreciate, in some sense, his qualities of character, at least those which the world valued. She respected his solidity and compass of intellect; she knew that his nature was a warm, brave, manly one; that though naturally somewhat quick and reserved, he had great penetration and a wonderful way of attaching people to himself.

He had an intelligent face—not handsome, but one which somehow gave an impression of latent force, and there was some fine harmony between it and his figure and carriage. The former was slender, lithe; the latter dignified, self-reliant.

It had been for years a source of regret with Mrs. Dunlap that her brother had not established himself in the city, where he was certain to have gained flattering success in his profession, instead of burying himself in that out-of-the-way old town of Stoneham.

A beautiful old town it assuredly was, seated stately on its hills, with the white sound rocking at its feet, and the small river winding through its heart, like some ancient embroidery of silver on dark-green velvet, and the mists pitching their silver tents every morning on the banks.

At last Mrs. Dunlap became reconciled to her brother's choice. The old town, to which she came every Summer, gradually won itself on her heart, its fair face gladdened her eyes, and she finally acknowledged that "as George was just the sort of man he was, perhaps he had been wisest in consulting his own tastes and settling in Stoneham."

Dr. George Gregory hesitated as he laid down his fruit-knife before the dish of tempting peaches which stood on the table between him and his sister. He held a brief parley with himself. Any one knowing the true character of the man would have been pretty certain that the best side of his nature would triumph.

Still, his sister's plea was not without a show of fairness, and the ride of over three miles through the August heats, along the bare, dusty road, was in no wise attractive. Then the Doctor had, in the course of his extensive medical practice, discovered that the more ignorant people were the more readily their fears were stimulated, and it was quite possible in this case there was no real need of his services.

He knew nothing of the family to which he had been summoned—not even its name, as it had recently removed to Stoneham. He had, however, in his rides frequently noticed the old but pleasant house in the western part of the town, which had been unoccupied for several years. But from the fact of its remoteness and its having undergone no recent repairs, the Doctor had concluded that the present occupants of the house must be people of humble circumstances and life.

"If it was one of my patients, rich and respectable, I should go now," mused the Doctor. "Perhaps I'm needed here; at all events the best way is to find out," pushing away his plate of fruit.

"You're not going, George?" asked Mrs. Dunlap, in a tone made up of expostulation and inquiry.

"Yes, Laura. I'm truly sorry to leave you; but business before pleasure always with us doctors, you know; and I could n't eat my peaches quite in peace, with the thought that some poor wretch was needing my services, if a hot day and a dusty drive did lie between them and me. I'll be back in little more than an hour, and in the mean time there are the books and Mrs. Mason—which will you have to amuse you for my absence?"

"I think I'll take a book and a nap," reaching out her white hand, with its one glittering diamond, for a volume on the table. "How thankful I am I did n't marry a doctor!"

"You may be, my dear. It's quite near

enough to have your brother belong to a profession you do so heartily deprecate," laughed the gentleman, and he left his sister lying on the sofa in the large, cool, shaded parlor of the house of the widow lady, whose solitary boarder was Dr. Gregory.

Light, rapid feet hurried along the hall at the first loud summons of the old brass knocker, and the next moment a door opened, revealing to the surprised physician a young, fair face, not handsome, but with fine, delicate outlines, with brown eyes and hair shading into black—altogether an interesting face.

"I believe I have a patient here?" said the Doctor, lifting his hat.

"Yes. I am very glad you are come," and a look of relief and hope stole over the sweet, sad face. "My little brother has been ill for three days. This morning his illness has developed into a high fever and his mind has wandered."

The lady said these words leading the physician through the parlor, whose furniture had a general aspect of "better days," and had evidently been imported from the city, into the bedroom beyond.

Here there was evidently work for the Doctor. A young boy, apparently not more than twelve years old, lay moaning on his pillow in the hot clutch of typhus fever.

The dark, hazel eyes burned, the quick pulse leaped with its fire, and when the Doctor laid his cool hand on his patient's forehead, the boy looked up in his face with the wild glare of insanity.

A lady was bending over the boy, and she rose up as the physician entered, and the young lady said simply, "It is the Doctor, mother."

She was a pale, elderly lady, with a sad face—the years might have worn the lines there and faded the mouth, but the mournful eyes—Dr. Gregory knew when he looked in them that some great sorrow had fallen into that lady's life.

"Is he very sick, Doctor?" asked the anxious mother as soon as the physician ceased his investigation.

"I will not disguise the truth from you, ma'am. The boy is very sick, but he has youth and vigor on his side, and I think they will carry him through."

"You should have been called earlier," continued the lady.

"Yes, madam, every hour is of importance now," and the Doctor felt a thrill of remorse as he said these words half to himself, remembering that he had almost resolved not to obey the summons to the sick boy at all. The thin,

wrinkled hand of the elder lady was laid tight on the young physician's arm. "Doctor," she said with her voice choking, her pale lips quivering, "he is all the boy that is left to me. For his mother's sake try and save him."

"I pledge you my word, madam, that I will do all which lies in mortal power for your boy," was the solemn answer of Dr. Gregory.

Then he sat down and wrote some prescriptions. As he folded them he remarked, "You are strangers in Stoneham, I believe. I shall pass the druggist's on my return, and will get them put up for you."

"Thank you; there is no necessity," looking at the physician with a faint smile on her sad face, which showed that his kindness had touched her. "We have a neighbor's son, who is a sort of boy-of-all-work. He will save you the trouble of taking them to the druggist."

"What name?" said the Doctor, pausing with the pencil in his hand.

There was a little silence, only momentary, but it gave the Doctor time to look up.

"Mrs. Weybrook," said the lady in a slightly-flurried tone, which did not escape the Doctor.

And because of this slight embarrassment the physician remarked, as he bowed his head once more over the prescription, "It is very pleasant to write this name again, for it belonged to an old college classmate of mine—a social, fine-hearted fellow, with whom I was on most intimate terms. Possibly he may be a relative of yours, as the name is so uncommon—Robert Weybrook." There was another silence, and again Dr. Gregory looked up. He was fairly shocked at the sudden pallor which had overspread Mrs. Weybrook's face.

Her lips worked for a moment as though some inward storm were going over her soul. Then she said in a tone of sharp and terrible anguish, "Robert Weybrook was my son."

For a moment Dr. Gregory was too amazed to speak. That his old friend and classmate had fallen into some evil he could not doubt; of its nature he did not dare inquire of the stricken mother before him.

So he only rose up and took her hand kindly and reverently. "Mrs. Weybrook," he said, "I loved Robert. For his sake permit me to be the friend of his mother."

Mrs. Weybrook tried to speak, but the words were beyond the command of her voice.

The Doctor saw this, and some delicate instinct warned him to leave now. He bowed to the mother and daughter without looking at the young lady, who had maintained her place at the bedside of her brother during his visit, soothing his hot forehead with the soft touch of her



cool fingers, or fanning him with the great palm-leaf which always lay at hand. So promising to return the next morning the Doctor took his leave.

He did not know that the road was dusty or the sun was hot on his return. His thoughts were all with the family he had left.

What evil had brought the mother, and sister, and brother of Robert Weybrook to bury themselves in the suburbs of the old town of Stoneham?

What had given that plaint of agony to the mother's voice as she spoke the name of her eldest born?

And then Robert Weybrook rose before George Gregory as he was in the old college days, with the mirth in his eyes and the merriment on his lips, a "fine fellow," as he had said—good-hearted, susceptible, intelligent. The Doctor had often thought of him with wonder—with a little fear for his future; for he remembered that Robert, with all his admirable qualities, was of a pleasure-loving, easily-influenced temperament, and he had feared for his old classmate sometimes, that he had not the moral force to resist Temptation if she came in attractive guise—not the strength which does brave battle with it to the end. And Doctor Gregory remembered the young, sweet, womanly face which had met him at the door. He saw now the subtle likeness that existed between the brother and sister, which was one of feature rather than of expression.

Had that sweet, young life been darkened by the brother's folly, or sin, or shame? A pang smote the Doctor's heart at the thought. He had known very little of his classmate's family, saving that his mother was a widow, who had been left by her husband in comfortable circumstances. He remembered, too, hearing Robert speak sometimes of his "little sister," who seemed to be a pet with him, and who was a school-girl at that time, and her name was Ellen.

All these things were in the Doctor's thoughts, as he rode along the hot turnpike through the yellow clouds of dust, with the cool, far-off hills gazing down upon him.

"Is it possible! Did n't you know, George?" Mrs. Dunlap made this remark after listening with unusual interest to her brother's relation of his visit to his new patient, and the singular facts which had developed themselves during the course of it.

"Know—I know nothing of Robert Weybrook, or what you mean, Laura."

"Well, it's because you live in this out-of-the-way place. If you were only in the city now, George, you would n't lose all the news!"

exclaimed Mrs. Dunlap, glad to make a point here in favor of her old argument.

"Well, if you like, we'll go over that exhausted ground again; but, first, what have you to tell me?"

"Why, that Robert Weybrook fell among rogues, was induced to speculate, and broke his mother's fortune, which was not large. He could not bear mortification and misfortune. They stung him into desperation. He fell into bad habits—bad company, and going from bad to worse he finally committed a forgery for several thousand dollars, and only escaped State's prison by fleeing the country."

"Terrible!"

"You may well say that, George. It must have driven his poor mother and sister quite distracted, and I can't much wonder at their coming off here to hide their poverty and disgrace."

"Do n't speak of it in that way, Laura," said the Doctor sternly. "No person with a sound head and right heart would regard the mother or sister as disgraced for the sin of the son and the brother."

Mrs. Dunlap half stood her ground—half yielded it. "Well, at any rate you know how the world does regard such things, George, and one can't help, at least, *feeling* it, though I'll admit it's all wrong, and I'm dreadfully sorry for Mrs. Weybrook and her daughter, whom I never saw in my life."

For a moment the Doctor entertained the thought of taking his sister with him in his next day's visit to his patient. It seemed to him that in this time of their desolation and suffering a woman's delicate sympathy and tenderness might be of sweet and blessed service to the afflicted family of his classmate.

But a glance at that fair, haughty face quenched his first impulse.

Laura had not the deep and delicate sympathies which were needed for a work like this. It was better the family of his old classmate should bear as they best could, in silence and in sorrow, the great anguish which had fallen upon them.

But the heart—the warm, true heart of Doctor Gregory ached for the feeble and stricken mother, for the young sister into whose way of life the snow had fallen.

"How terribly they must have suffered! and it is a grief of which none can speak. Even I, having told them that I love Robert, dare not offer my sympathy now I have come to learn the fearful truth," murmured the Doctor to himself. "God help them!"

"Come, George," exclaimed Mrs. Dunlap,

"I've waited all this time like a good sister to enjoy my peaches and cream with you. Do try to make yourself a little interesting."

"How shall I do that, Laura?" laughed the Doctor, removing the napkin from the pyramid of peaches.

"O, promise me that as soon as the wind comes up from the Sound you'll take me a ride down the river and round by the Neck. That will give us such a nice appetite for one of Mrs. Mason's delightful suppers."

And the Doctor promised.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

### "THEY ARE WAITING FOR US THERE."

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

BEYOND the darkly-flowing river,  
The beautiful and silent river,  
Silent for evermore—  
Whose swelling waves no echo giveth,  
And through whose mists no eye that liveth  
Can pierce to th' farther shore—  
Beyond—where the cloudless skies are fair  
With eternal light—they await me there.

O heavenly land! whose radiant glory,  
Whose pure, unfading, peerless glory  
Hath never a taint of sin;  
Hath not a shade of care or sorrow,  
Or dread of a coming sad to-morrow—  
O God, for the grace to win,  
By the power of faith and availing prayer,  
A place with the loved who await me there!

A brief time doth my waiting spirit—  
The tireless and God-given spirit—  
Yearn for Death's mystery:  
Yet not with idle hands close folded,  
But seeking ever to be molded  
Into sweet unity  
Of thought, with the ransomed saints who share  
The delights of heaven—who await me there.

I strive to image and paint the beauty,  
The sweet, immortal, perfect beauty,  
Of features all purified  
From sinful stain and from earthly feeling,  
And fresh from the Master's touch of healing  
Forever glorified.

O loveliness beyond compare  
Of the precious friends who await me there!

I watch the tints of the Summer morning,  
The growing light of the pleasant morning,  
But I can not catch the gleam  
Of the earlier years, the years departed;  
They have passed with their memories sunny-hearted,  
Like a sweet and happy dream.  
But the future a girdle of hope doth wear;  
O glorious hope! they await me there.

O bowers of light! O songs of triumph!  
Rich songs of pure and holy triumph!

When shall I swell the strain?  
When will the summons home be spoken?  
When shall the golden bowl be broken?  
When shall I meet again  
The strong true hearts that have made earth fair,  
The loved, loved ones who await me there?

### A RURAL GRAVEYARD.

BY ANNA ALDER.

THE Summer day is hastening to its close,  
The daylight fades among the arching pines,  
The wild bee, humming, seeks a half-opened rose,  
And in its odor-breathing heart reclines;  
The mocking-bird trills wild, untutored lays,  
The insects whisper in unchecked delight,  
The lordly oaks their sturdy branches sway  
In salutation to the thralling night.

The clover's stealthy breath is on the air,  
The white-plumed elders nod with stately mien,  
The purple thyme and blue-eyed myrtle wear  
Their floral beauties on the mound's dark green.  
Over the gleaming of the tombstones white  
A somber light hath fallen; pale Evening treads  
Noiseless and solemn, as in onward flight  
She lingers here, and pensive beauty sheds.

Beneath this sod the dead lie cold and still,  
The aged and the strong in manhood's might,  
The little one, whose laugh was like a rill,  
Rippling and gurgling from the mountain height.  
They hear not voices that, few years ago,  
Thrilled o'er their heart-strings with a wondrous  
tone;

In Summer, Winter, drenching rain, and snow,  
Once fondly cherished, now they lie alone.

Perchance here one to whom the way was rough,  
Who clasped life-thorns in anguish to her breast,  
Who joyed to hear the Master's word "enough,"  
And went with praise and gladness to her rest.  
Here sleep thou, tried one! with thy foiled hands  
And fast-closed eyelids, till a voice shall wake  
Thee in His likeness, and angelic bands  
Guide thee, reanimate, where hearts ne'er break.

One glittering, rainbow-winged, sunset ray  
Flashes all sudden on the vault moss-grown—  
Hope's earnest of Love's fair eternal day—  
A crowning glory on the time-worn stone:  
Now Leavenward it flies, and soon is merged  
In misty vail of the cerulean blue;  
Fancy portrays how on its course hath urged,  
Until at heaven's gate it glows anew.

How sweet to sleep amid these tranquil shades,  
Far from the busy world of daily care,  
Where Nature's harmony no grief invades,  
And every incensed zephyr seems a prayer:  
Here no tumultuous fears or fading hopes,  
No leaning on a frail, a human reed;  
Beyond death's door the elysian portal opens—  
'Tis there God's children find a victor's meed.

## FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

## MY FIRST CIRCUIT.

HAVING been received on trial into the Arkansas Conference, in the Fall of 1844, I received my appointment to Fort Smith circuit. The work did not include the town of Fort Smith; that place and Van Buren formed at the time a station. The circuit extended southward along the line of the Indian Territory, from the Arkansas River to the waters of Fourche le Fane. It was none of those contracted patches which, in some older countries, have the Methodist appellation of circuit applied to them figuratively, but literally and emphatically a *circuit*, on which the preacher's pathway was never once crossed from the time he left Fort Smith till he reached it again at the end of his round.

The circuit was in one of the most unpromising regions of the western part of the State. That class of preachers who were in danger of what is called "hard work" in the Conference, were in wholesome dread of Fort Smith circuit. No preacher had traveled it the year before. The ground, religiously, had been followed by brother Cowle, but owing to its unpromising character it had been abandoned. When my appointment was announced, a humorous smile played on a number of faces, and mischievous glances were exchanged across the room, while I occasionally received a very knowing look from a brother. Evidently this bit of sensation meant something, and being at my expense it was by no means comforting. Doubtless there were many conjectures by the frontier veterans of the Conference, who themselves had "seen sights," as to how a soft Pennsylvanian youth would endure the hardships of the Upper Arkansas country. Yet with them it was all mere pleasantries. The rugged backwoodsmen have always a singular delight in initiating a novice into the hardships of their life; and even among Methodist preachers Christian charity interposes but little abatement to the rigor of the experiment. Why should it be otherwise? Softness of life will never do in such a country, and if a man is too delicate to share the hardships of his brethren, the sooner that fact be developed the better it will be for all concerned, because sooner or later this rugged life and rough fare will either make men fitted for such a sphere, or they will have to be lost out of the ranks.

From memory brother Cowle made me out a "plan" for a four-weeks' circuit, and on my long

journey to the work this document was studied with the greatest care. Like the maps of some new localities in the West, which change so rapidly that publishers can not keep pace with their progress, my plan proved a hinderance rather than a guide. A fruitful fancy can picture a very lovely country by conning over a map of it; but when the reality comes to be seen the delusion is soon dispelled. By the same principle my active imagination had wrought out the image of a magnificent circuit by means of my skillfully-drawn plan; but the facts when discovered were altogether different, and were less flexible than my fancy had been.

I had pictured in my imagination a mountainous country, with its ample valleys, somewhat of the character of those regions in the central part of Pennsylvania. No two countries could, however, well be more diverse; and disappointment met me in every outline of my fanciful draft. The face of the country is rough, hilly, mountainous, and rocky, with occasional small tracts of prairie, irregular, narrow valleys, separated by lofty, rocky ranges, mostly in their primitive wildness. Some of the prairie lands are moderately productive, while others are slaty, hard, and barren. The upland is generally thin, and but poorly repays cultivation. The valleys are more fertile, and yet inferior in qualities of soil to most countries; besides, they are very narrow and irregular. The country is but thinly wooded with indifferent growths of black-jack and white-oak, and is every-where covered with long grass and beautiful flowers of every hue. The valleys are better timbered, with tall, narrow-leaved oak, pecan, hickory, elm, lynn, sycamore, and cotton-wood. On the mountain slopes are sometimes thrifty growths of pitch-pine. The wild cane, or reed, grows abundantly along the water-courses, its ample blades affording good pasturage for cattle and horses during the Winter when the grass is dry. The streams are not numerous, and they meander sluggishly along their courses, the water being murky and covered with a greenish scum, and infested with innumerable reptiles of hideous form and hue. There are many mountain channels, which, in times of rain, send down dashing torrents of water over the rocky beds and cliffs; in the Summer, however, they are most of the time entirely dry. The country has very few springs, considering its rough and hilly character; drinking water is obtained by excavations in the flats at a shallow depth, over which a small tree is suspended in a fork, called a "sweep," by means of which the water is raised. Being obtained so near the surface, the water is warm and unhealthy in the Summer.

The rocks are mostly unstratified, and of the primitive formations, but generally fragmentary, and sometimes are scattered over the hills and slopes as if they had been poured down from the clouds, their sharp edges and angles making traveling exceedingly difficult.

Although the country is generally wanting in fertility, yet it is by no means void of wild and romantic beauty. Nothing could be more charming to the lover of natural scenery than its smiling prairies, sequestered glades, and open woodlands. The variety and beauty of its wild flowers, grassy and almost treeless slopes, ever-varying landscape, and blue outlines of distant mountain ranges combine to invest the whole scene with surpassing loveliness. Herds of deer browse on the uplands and thread their devious course along the hill-sides and ravines in the trail of an antlered leader, fearless and tame because less hunted by hound and rifle than in older countries; sometimes congregated in the shade of some outspreading oak in the quiet glen, like a flock of sheep, the traveler rides within a few yards of them without creating alarm. Indeed, their curiosity is sometimes excited so that they will come toward you, especially the confiding doe with her speckled fawns—the old buck is more wary and suspecting. The groves are animated with birds, less sweet in their melodies than in countries more densely peopled, but far more beautiful and gorgeous in plumage.

Here is a somewhat singular range, to which the settlers apply the euphonious name of Black-Jack Ridge. It is not very high, has a comparatively-regular surface, its ascent is gentle, and it is covered with tall grass and the stunted species of oak called black-jack. A more marked and formidable range has obtained the expressive sobriquet of Backbone Ridge. The name is well chosen. It is a ridge of rocks, imperfectly and irregularly stratified, thick in its layers, and thrown into a perpendicular position. The ridge is irregular, full of breaks and caverns, the upturned masses lying with their gray, bare faces to the sun, without a vestige of vegetation for hundreds of yards. It affords a fine opportunity to test the strength of one's nerves, by walking over its summit and stepping across the openings from rock to rock, and looking down between them to unknown cavernous depths, in whose yawning recesses may be seen the livid form of the diamond rattlesnake in quiet repose. This region is the paradise of snakes, and the inhabitants of the locality have many snake legends, well calculated to put a traveler on his guard. In the mountain, according to tradition, a monstrous rattlesnake

reigns over the whole united kingdom of snake-dom. He rejoices in a length variously estimated from forty to sixty feet, and the sound of his chime of bells has been heard for miles in the neighborhood. He sallies out from his metropolis in Backbone Ridge periodically, always accompanied by a body-guard smaller than himself, being no more than twenty and thirty feet in length. Pickets are also sent out in all directions from the monarch to warn him of any approaching danger, in which case he retreats into his fortress, while his sentinels fight to cover the retreat. In days of yore his snakeship made his repasts on buffalo, taking one at a time into his stomach, always preferring a large bull. Since the buffalo has moved westward, he has contented himself with the cattle which range in the locality, feasting occasionally on a horse, and now and then charming a bear. According to the same reliable chroniclers, travelers on horseback have run some narrow risks of being gulped up by this voracious sovereign of Backbone Ridge, and it is related that several have mysteriously disappeared, whose fate it is strongly suspected was to be swallowed alive—man, horse, saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, and blanket all together. The Indians are said to shun the locality with great care.

The most remarkable mountain on my circuit is a peak called the Sugar-Loaf. It rises from a treeless plain like a pyramid, and towers up hundreds of feet above the adjacent mountains, till its apex is almost lost to view in the region of the clouds. Its sides are covered with a stunted growth of timber, and near its summit ledges of naked rocks jut out as if they formed the beetling cliffs once washed by ocean waves. And who will say that this has not been the case? No one has ever ascended to the summit of this cloud-capped peak, and no one ever will climb the craggy steep. A number of smaller sugar-loafs surround the one described, like sprouts around an old tree.

The most considerable mountain which had to be crossed is the Poteau. The distance across from the base, on the circuitous and zigzag path which had to be taken, was reckoned to be twelve miles. It is a trail made by the Indians, winding up through ravines and gorges, along precipices, and over shelving rocks, turning right and left, on the principle of the screw, to make the ascent less abrupt, much after the manner of a sailor tacking against a head-wind. No one ventures to ride his horse up or down the rough, rocky sides of this mountain, the operation would be too perilous; the horse is generally led, or, if he is well trained, may be driven before, after the fashion of a muleteer in the



mountainous regions of the Old World. My own expedient was to take off the martingal and tie it to the hitching-strap, forming as long a line as possible with a view of getting some distance from the horse, so that when one or the other should fall in the scramble—a thing of quite frequent occurrence—I was in less danger of being tramped or crushed by my horse. This precaution was especially needed in descending the mountain.

The summit of the mountain is comparatively level for a distance of about two miles. This is always a place for rest, rendered necessary by the fatigue of ascending. Here it was my wont to unsaddle my horse and permit him to graze, while my buffalo-robe was spread beneath an overhanging white-oak, and with my saddle for a pillow a few hours were passed in repose. To me this spot, under the umbrageous oak, was more than a place of rest; it was my "bower of prayer"—a blessed place of sweet devotion never to be forgotten. What a place of worship! How inspiring the scene! Near by were several Indian graves, designated by huge heaps of loose stones. Whose rude monuments are these? No lettered epitaph acquaints the traveler with their names! Time alone has left the impress of his hand there, his records pointing back into the remote past, and marking the flight of many decades, if not of centuries. Perhaps the remains of some bloody warriors, some renowned conquerors, some honored tribal chieftains sleep here; no one can tell. Tradition is silent as to these monuments of the dead, and, strange to say, the people have no ghost stories concerning these enchanted grounds. One almost envies these red men their romantic burial-place, amid the wild scenery of this cloud-capped mountain, where the ceaseless whistle of the winds sing their requiem to the long-forgotten dead!

Birds are scarce in these elevated regions. The singing birds remain mostly in the valleys and groves below. Vultures, hawks, and eagles, however, flit about in large numbers, and flocks of parrakeets fill the air with the sound of their keen shrieking cries. Here are magnificent scenes which would delight the landscape painter. Westward, over the Indian Territory, lies the Cavenole Mountain, like a huge animal in repose amid luxuriant herbage; southward lie the parallel ranges of Fourche le Fane, like banks of cloud; eastward Magazine Mountain, with its nameless curiosities, and Pilot Knob rise to view; turning northward, the eye first catches a view of the Sugar-Loaf towering to the clouds, with its beetling and sun-bleached rocks, while in the far, dim distance may be seen the blue outlines of Boston Mountain blending with azure sky.

There are some of the sublime visions had from Poteau Mountain, realizing the sentiment of Campbell,

"'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

As a place of rest, however, the summit of Poteau was not without its annoyances. Obnoxious insects and reptiles infest the place in such numbers as to give one no rest, and they exhibit an unwelcome familiarity unknown in localities frequented by man. "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is out of the question, for every few minutes some unwelcome intruder must be expelled from your couch. One is roused from repose by the keen pinch from the terrible mandibles of the big black ant, whose ample hillocks rise in uncomfortable proximity, like cities numbering thousands of busy inhabitants. Again, you are startled by the disagreeable sensation of a *crawl*, and as you cast about you for the cause, some mischievous lizard threads its way through the grass in all haste to escape chastisement, or some innocent little snake is trying in vain to hide itself under your temporary bed.

One sultry day in June the fatiguing journey of this mountain was begun, as usual, early in the morning. The entrance was in a shady cove from the valley of the Sugar-Loaf, covered with long green grass and beautiful wild flowers, and animated by the melodies of singing birds warbling forth their varied notes from every nook and indentation in the mountain base. A gorge of the mountain was soon entered, and the trail wound along its moist bed. Cragged rocks, covered with moss and lichen, cropped out on either side, forming terraces and green slopes upon which the trim holly luxuriates. This beautiful wild shrub of the South is an evergreen, and seems to fill the place of the laurel in the North. Its leaves are narrow, thick, and beautifully indented along the edge, every rib of the leaf terminating in a sharp thorn. It produces clusters of fragrant blossoms, which are succeeded by red berries. Presently the ascent began over shelving rocks, edging out and overlooking yawning precipices below. Further up the slope of the mountain the scenery changes; the freshness and greenness of vegetation give place to less thrifty growths, while ants and other insects take the place of reptiles. The day referred to was intensely hot; scarcely a leaf undulated in the wind, and I almost fainted in the sweltering heat. A long and refreshing rest was enjoyed at my "bower of prayer." Distant thunder had for some time rumbled in the heavens, and the mountain seemed to tremble under

its force, yet the sun poured down his rays from an almost cloudless sky. On reaching the southern slope of the mountain, a scene broke upon my view of the most surpassing grandeur. A fearful thunder-storm was raging in Poteau Valley below. The clouds boiled up like a mighty caldron, moving and whirling in every direction. The sun's rays fell on the vapory mass, and the lightning played upon the irregular surface with gleams more intensely bright than the sunlight, while a roaring like the sound of the distant waterfall could be heard in the intervals of the louder peals of thunder. All resembled one vast sea in commotion, with crested waves and angry swelling billows surging to and forth, while the artillery of heaven reverberated along the long line of the mountain. Altogether it was a sight sublime in the highest degree, and one never to be forgotten. Presently a vapory cloud, like mist, rolled in upon me as I stood holding my horse and gazing upon the scene in rapt amazement. Plentifully did this surging cloud distribute its watery contents in the form of mist, when a hasty retreat was beaten to a more elevated position, where the sunshine again appeared. Here I remained till the landmarks of the valley again became visible. On descending in the evening the valley was flooded with water, presenting every indication of a severe rain-storm.

The inhabitants of the country are but few and scattered, living mostly in neighborhoods. My appointments were from six to twenty-four miles apart. The people in these isolated settlements are, in a great degree, shut out from the rest of the world by rugged mountain ranges, and live in a state of seclusiveness which might delight an outlaw or an anchorite. When the day for preaching arrives, the "parson"—as he is universally called—is looked for with much interest. He is expected to bring with him the news of the rest of the world and detail it to the gaping crowd; he is, moreover, considered an oracle, and is expected to unravel all mysteries; and in traversing the mountain regions he is presumed to fall on the track of every stray horse, cow, and hog in the country, and to learn something about every marauding party which infests the settlements. On this day labor is every-where suspended, and men, women, children, and dogs all go to meeting. During the services all behave with the utmost decorum and seriousness, and the preacher is regarded with great deference. As the parson is the great center of attraction, and every one feels honored by his company, every family invites him home, however humble their means of accommodation. But as he can not go home with every body,

therefore when he makes his selection after service, nearly every body goes home with him. This is expected as a matter of course, and no one enjoys it better than "mine host," whose house is for the time being the rendezvous of the settlement. The people stay for one meal, which is served up in the afternoon, remain till night, and then leave the parson to rest and start to his next appointment in the morning. I had one appointment for nearly every day in the week, the hour for service being twelve at noon. The rustic hospitality of these people is the most cordial and cheerful, and worthy of all praise. The fare is coarse and simple, consisting of corn-bread, meat, and coffee, generally without sugar or milk. Notwithstanding the distance from market coffee is used in nearly every family. The meat is beef or pork, and as often bear meat or venison, which it is not difficult to procure. Very little wheat is raised, so that corn is the chief reliance for bread. But few vegetables are cultivated except the yam; that delicious esculent is in almost every family. Fruit, except such as grows wild, is not found but in a few of the older settlements.

Every body rides on horseback. No other means of conveyance would suit this rugged country. One horse is sufficient for a small family, the usual custom being for the wife to ride behind her husband on the same horse, often with a child in her arms, sometimes both parents holding a child, making four persons on one horse. Unmarried gentlemen, of course, find the custom quite agreeable, taking the young ladies on their horses behind them. Families in better circumstances are provided with side-saddles for ladies, and the rivalry of wealth and fashion is discoverable even in these mountain localities. In this way the people come to the appointments for preaching; the men not embarrassed with a family on the same horse, usually carry their rifles on their shoulders, and a pack of hounds trudge at their heels. The object is to take deer on the way, and thus "kill two birds with one stone" by hearing a sermon and procuring game.

One day while filling my appointment on Janes's Fork a number of my congregation had stacked their guns around the trees before the door, while their dogs, of all sorts and sizes, ranged about the woods and lay in the shade under the trees. In the midst of my discourse the belligerent canine collection managed to become embroiled with each other, which resulted in a fierce and bloody fight, in which every last one seemed to take a part before the contest ended. Such yelping, and pitching, and tumbling ensued as dogs only can perpetrate.

Every now and then a fresh recruit, attracted by the noise, came running in from the woods and pitched pell-mell into the frightful melee regardless of parties. In a few minutes not a man or boy remained in the house; all rushed to the scene, and each had one or more hound by the heels, pelting, beating, kicking, and bellowing till the confusion of the bipeds by far exceeded that of the quadrupeds. Nothing remained for me but to sit down till the war closed. Some of the women, with great unconcern, took advantage of the recess to indulge in a little neighborhood gossip. In a short time all was quieted, and the congregation returned to their places without smile or apology, as though the dog-fight had been part of the programme. I resumed the thread of my discourse, so suddenly broken, and the services closed without further interruption.

Among the inhabitants of Poteau Valley lived a man who would impress a stranger in any society. He was tall, straight, and rather spare. His hair was snow-white, his eye dark, keen, and penetrating; all his features were symmetrical, and his gait measured and precise. About seventy Winters had passed over him, yet he betrayed no marks of infirmity. Whether on horse or on foot, he seemed to regard it ignominious for him to be second to any man in speed and spryness. His wiry frame appeared never to yield, and one would suppose that the sinewy mechanism of his body would never wear out. His temper, however, was less symmetrical and harmonious than his body. Report had it that for some reason or other he could not live with his wife, who was reputed an excellent woman, and withal a pious member of the Church. He was reported to be a confirmed infidel, which radical defectiveness may account for his eccentricities and vices, and yet I always found him in my congregation. He was reputed to be rich, yet this circumstance seemed to have no effect upon his life and manners. His habits were simple, his temper stoical. Curiosity more than any thing else induced me to accept his invitation for a night's lodging. The premises consisted of a log-cabin of one room, which he occupied himself, a cabin number two, about the same size, which was used for cooking, and occupied by Kid and Maria, two trusty slaves, who, by long association with their master, had learned all his whims and caprices—which were not a few—and were able to anticipate his wants by means of some indefinable mercurial condition of his temper, much in the same way that the mariner notes the coming changes in the weather by means of the barometer. The negroes cared

well for themselves as well as for their whimsical master, and seemed to be quite happy. Kid was exceedingly garrulous, abundantly compensating for the reticence of his master; he said Maria was his wife, though they had never been married by any other authority than the consent of the master. Kid and Maria had things pretty much their own way, provided they observed the angles of the old man's curriculum, which they were careful to do.

In the cane-brakes and glades adjacent, cattle and horses grazed almost without number, and on the mountain slope ranged hundreds of hogs feeding on the oak-mast. Every day the old man rode out with his trusty rifle and a pack of hounds, and contemplated with evident satisfaction his flocks and herds. The evening I spent with him I tried in vain to interest him in the subject of religion; he remained taciturn and apparently displeased. The only thing he would talk about was his stock. He lamented that the pastures were every year decreasing in the valley, and he thought he would be under the necessity of removing to Texas in order to provide for his flocks. At length, in my random talk with a view of entertaining the old gentleman, I incidentally referred to Gen. Jackson. In an instant his eye beamed and every nerve in his body seemed to vibrate. His dormant soul kindled into warmth, and he broke forth in true impassioned eloquence. I had waked up an old soldier, one of the veterans who fought under Jackson in the war of 1812, and who was present at the battle of New Orleans. For the remainder of the evening conversation did not flag, and I willingly conceded most of the time to the old hero, who, in the language of Goldsmith, "show'd how fields were won." As might be expected, my friend, according to his statements, had acted a very conspicuous part himself in the bloody engagements of battle. Such representations of personal valor are not always proofs of egotism; a man knows more about his own acts and services than he does of others. Mr. Thompson—for that was my hero's name—thought Jackson the greatest man that ever lived, or that ever would live. When bedtime arrived a somewhat ludicrous scene was enacted. I asked the privilege of holding family worship before we retired to rest, to which the old man was indifferent, but interposed no objections. At my request he summoned Kid and Maria from their quarters, and taking my Bible from my saddle-bags I proceeded to read a chapter by the light of a pine knot burning on the hearth. The negroes kneeled with me in prayer, but Mr. T. remained bolt upright on his split-bottomed chair. Both doors, one on either side of the

house, were wide open. The unfamiliar voice of prayer attracted the notice of a pack of hounds, who came yelping to the doors, first to one and then to the other, each time venturing a little further into the room, and giving unmistakable signs of intended assault on the stranger. I prayed with my eyes open and fixed on the dogs, finding it necessary to watch as well as pray. The barks and confusion among my assailants drowned my voice and became every instant more threatening; Kid turned up the white of his eyes in reproving sidelong looks toward the dogs, but did not feel at liberty to disturb the devotions by expelling the unmannerly hounds, while mine host sat like a statue, most likely secretly pleased that the cause of religion was succeeding no better in his family. The prayer being closed in short meter, the hounds gradually retired from the contest and the noise subsided, not a word being said by either master or slave about the matter. The next morning the first thing was breakfast, and the next moment Mr. T. was in his saddle and off with gun and hounds after his stock. Kid apologized for the discourtesy and strange freaks of his master, on the ground of his regular habits and military discipline.

At most of my appointments we had a small class organized, but the only classes held were by the preacher after public service. All the members usually remained for class, while those of the congregation who were not members retired to a short distance from the place of worship, where they waited till the class was over. Deep evangelical piety seemed to be very rare, though all appeared to be well disposed toward religion.

During the year I held what was called a camp meeting, on Black-Jack Ridge. Brother Cowle, who was expected to be present, disappointed us, and the presiding elder also failed to reach the meeting, so that, young as I was, I found myself in charge of a camp meeting, with no other assistance than an old local preacher who lived in the neighborhood, and whose popularity was by no means of the first order. In his case, emphatically, a prophet was without honor in his own country. Father Sorrel deserves a passing notice. He was about sixty years of age, long-bodied, short-legged, and bottle-nosed. He had a very high estimate of his own abilities, criticised the performances of every one else, and spoke complacently of his own effort, though he could scarcely read a hymn without spelling out some of the words. A special oversight of the preachers was assumed by him, telling them freely of their defects in literature, and counseling them in their studies.

He was particularly fastidious in his taste and propriety of language, as was evinced one day by one of his Scripture quotations, amended as follows: "The ox knoweth his owner and the *jack* his master's crib." My association with the old man, however, was pleasant, and my propensity to ask him learned questions gave him high hopes of my future career.

The camp meeting closed with a few conversions and a most blessed effect on the religious part of the congregation. Not a single misdemeanor of importance occurred. A two-days' meeting was held in the latter part of the Summer at a sulphur spring on Grand Prairie. Several settlements joined in the meeting, and the crowd on Sabbath was immense. We worshiped under an extended arbor covered with green branches cut from the trees. I had all the preaching to do, and took my station in the center of the arbor with the congregation all around me in a circle seated on the grass. There lived at that point an old class-leader by the name of Cole, who was noted for his officiousness and his ill-temper. In the afternoon we had all gathered under the arbor for the last service, and the opening services were already passed. An open circle was formed, in which I stood conducting the services, while the people formed a perfect wall about me. Just as I was about to announce my text the eye of brother C. caught sight of an unmannerly dog who had found his way inside of the circle, and by some means had up to that time escaped the vigilance of the old guard. It was too much to be endured, and at it brother C. went, and away went the dog around the circle, unable to escape. The race continued and increased in speed around and around, brother C. kicking and the dog yelping, to the infinite amusement of all parties. Every now and then the poor, terrified animal seemed to contemplate a leap over the living mass, and then his heart failed him. I caught the old man's hunting-shirt as it streamed behind him in the race; but he was intent on his prize, and would not desist. At last, in his violent gyrations, he lost his balance and pitched headlong among the ladies, while some kind hearts made an opening for the escape of the terrified dog. The first thing after recovering from his discomfiture was to start again after the dog, when, to his surprise, the animal was no where to be seen.

But the reader is, no doubt, looking for the end of this narrative, and it must be reached with many incidents unrecorded. The year was one of the pleasantest I ever spent in the itinerancy. I received for my labors during the year, in money and presents, forty dollars.



## THE JORDAN.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

WE approach the bank of the Jordan. The dry, brown earth is cracked with heat, and we are warned not to go too near. How can we help it? It is our first sight of the stream that more than all others on earth typifies the river that makes glad the city of our God. We despise the warning, and ride up to the edge. Look down; there is a yellow mud and water rapidly flowing some twenty feet below. It is fifty feet wide, and as crooked as becomes a river, running up into an angle it has made just under our feet, from a like corner twenty rods north-easterly, and then skipping back to the other side, preparatory to hiding itself in a corner of the bank below. The opposite side is lower than this, and crowded thick with young trees—green and lovely. That is the Jordan—and that is all of it. Did you not know its history, you would say it is but a common thread of water—a pleasant brook sliding in and out of contrary banks. But as slightly we should speak of many great men were we unwittingly in their presence. Knowing what it is, it is no longer a common, winding stream, but an Aaron's rod among its serpentine brethren—a most strange and awe-inspiring river—the universal Christian type of the river of the water of death—the like universal life of the river of the water of life. We gaze upon it long and almost reverently. One can easily see in Palestine how naturally, in an unchristian community, trees, streams, and mountains become objects of idolatry. These places are so full of God manifest that they seem to become divine themselves—we almost bow down and worship. Let us have no other God, or none forbidding other adorations, and the Jordan instantly becomes a Ganges, and we idolaters.

The ford is a mile or two further up. It is soon reached, and our horses are tethered in a thick grove of tamarisk, fig, olive, and other young trees. The river goes whirling by, not a hundred feet of its crookedness in sight. A somewhat steep bank leads to its shelving shore. The narrow beach, some twenty feet wide, is strewn with stones worn smooth with the rushing torrent. We instantly prepare for a bath, being, for the nonce, immersionists, though after the most ancient and most strict sect of that faith, who, you are aware, washed their candidates in clean water—a somewhat better course than their modern disciples adopt of dipping them in dirty clothes in dirty water. But our zeal received a check that was effectual.

VOL. XXIII.—35

Had we been old zealots of this view, we might have said none of these things move us. As it was, we backslid from our new faith in a most undignified haste.

The dragoman warned us not to go in above our knees. The Consul had given us like charge when we left Jerusalem. An American clergyman, Mr. Carter, had lost his life there a few months before, because, going in but a little above his knees, the current and cramp caught him; he was swept under and never seen again. With such threatenings our zeal was largely cooled, and we contented ourselves with wading in a few feet, and lying down in the rocky bed. So we got our immersion. How we wished that our Baptist friends who had traveled with us through Italy and got happy over the great baptisteries of Constantine's age, had only come hither! We should have been paid for all our defeats, as they doubtless consider them, in argument, by their unwillingness to wade into the stream much above their ankles. Even at this short distance it is very swift, and one could easily see the peril of a ford. Perhaps their zeal would have outrun their discretion. It would have been too bad to have gone back to America without such an immersion. Yet they, and all, would see that whatever their courage might accomplish safely, would not be the ordinary test of Christian duty. If it is, then should candidates to-day be baptized in scalding hot water—not that which is comfortably warmed—or be plunged into perilous rapids and not quiet ponds.

## JOHN'S BAPTISM.

The true mode of John's baptism is seen at a glance. The subject leaves his sandals on the bank and steps into the edge of the stream. John does likewise. He takes up water in his hands and puts it on his head. Such a baptism is eminently natural and common-sensical. Both go down into the water and come up out of it. It is adapted to the dress and usage of the country. Their dress does not come much below the knees. Their feet are bare, and hence, in travel, hot and soiled, no luxury is equal to that of cooling and cleaning them in a pool or river. Did not Christ have this idea in his mind when he washed his disciples' feet, and added, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit?" That remark strikingly agrees with this present Mohammedan practice. We have seen them in Cairo by scores busy at the fountain in the court of the mosque, cleaning their feet. Then, leaving their slippers there, they enter the more sacred inclosure. The cleansed feet is to them as the bared head in our churches is to us; they

never take off the turban and always the slipper.

The baptism of the eunuch is thus consistent with the letter of the text and his traveler's apparel. The simplicity of the ordinance, and its conformity with the daily habits of the people, bring it into analogy with the other ordinance of Christ—which is, as it was interpreted by the early Christians, an eating together in the Lord. Stanley has given our Baptist brethren a *bonne bouche* in declaring that Christ was buried under the rushing waters of the Jordan. But he also puts the sacrifice of Isaac on Mt. Gerizim, and the baptism of Christ near Tiberias, and in other respects is more wild than wise. Notwithstanding the merits of his work—and in as far as a photographic sketch of the country goes, it is ahead of all others—his authority in matters critical is of less importance. One can see at a glance the peril of immersing thousands of people in such a freshet. He can see the absurdity of it in a country where no one has changes of garment. He can see the needlessness of it, when a universal custom, easy, agreeable, and requisite, points to a mode that satisfies at once the most fastidious verbalist of the text of Scripture, and the demands of decency, safety, and common-sense. So we lie down in the Jordan in fifteen inches of water, and meditate on the true baptism. The ford is about five feet deep at this season. The river is the lowest and probably the slowest now in the year.

The opposite side goes up into a gorge that winds over back of the mountains on the bank. It was down this path that Joshua led the Israelites. He could easily have brought them into Canaan by keeping up the south-western side of the Dead Sea, and so striking Hebron first. This was the way the first spies went. But he brought them up east of the mountains, and so over against the river, for the same reason that Moses carried them out of their way along up the west side of the Red Sea—when his shortest course was to pass round its headwaters on dry ground. This was done by command of God, to destroy forever an enemy that would have otherwise troubled them forever—that was done to terrify an enemy that was soon to be as utterly exterminated.

So we see them march up from below the further end of the Dead Sea behind the mountains, and come down this way or pass. We see the wide waters open for thirty miles to the north, for that is the statement of the Bible, and the millions file into the dry bed, march across, and emerge in the sight of the astounded citizens of Jericho, and the hill towns of Ai, Bethel, and

Gibeah, that overhang the valley. No wonder that fear took hold upon them.

But here, too, Elijah cut the flying waters with his mantle. Look at that Arab with his black and white striped woolen blanket, very like an Indian's, and you see probably the mantle of the prophet. You see it touch the waters, and the dry land appear, and up yonder gorge the twain hasten. From its summit, near where Moses ascended, his greatest postrunner goes up; both to reappear, hundreds of years afterward, a little further up the same valley on the mount of transfiguration. But that which dwarfs all other miracles, as God dwarfs all his creatures, keeps uppermost in the soul. We have talked about it somewhat disputatiously. But, in truth, very little of disputation was in our heart or head as we gazed on the little, vehement brook, and thought of Him who came hither from distant Nazareth, upon whom God, the Holy Ghost, descended, and over whom God the Father first spoke to a human being since he had talked in Paradise with the sinless Adam. One could see him stepping into the stream, hear the voice sounding from the highest heavens, and behold him come up out of the water and go straightway across the plain to Jericho, and so up into the wilderness. It is all before us now—these high walls of rock, barren, repulsive, fearful—the Son of man scaling them, and entering their desolate society to encounter society yet more terrible. So calm and pleasant they looked to-day—so soft and bewitching is the air that embraces them to-night—it seems impossible that they should have witnessed such a conflict and such a victory.

We eat our lunch of cold chicken, hard-boiled eggs, barley bread, with nuts and raisins, under the thicket that grows close to the ford, on the lowest bank of the river. The edibles are washed down with the sacred water, that is more than Cana wine; and about the middle of the afternoon we bade adieu to the sacred stream.

We ride along the level plateau, thickly sprinkled with various tall, and some of them evergreen bushes. Some of the flowering plants were even now in full blossom, and presented a very brilliant appearance—pink, yellow, blue, and scarlet glowed on great bushes higher than the horses' heads. The land gave many tokens of rare fertility, but as many, of rarer desolation. Not a hut or creature for six miles. Then we come to Gilgal, and having an hour or two before sunset, we ride on to

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA,

thirty miles west of the ancient site of Gilgal. The village here extends its pasture and tillage

grounds beyond it toward the fountain. So we meet with grazing horses, cows, and sheep, and bits of garden-plots that break up the rich wildness of nature. The streams that flow from the fountain irrigate a large tract, and keep it green and fruitful. The fountain itself is a large spring issuing from under a mound. It is overhung with the fig, the balsam, and other beautiful trees, which, with the bubbling water, give the place a delightful air of coolness and fragrance.

All around us are the ruins of the Jericho of Joshua and the prophets—mounds, pottery, stones—indistinguishable heaps. Overhead towers the lofty mountain of temptation—the Quizantania—where tradition says the devil led the Savior. It is bold, steep, lofty, and has a superb outlook over the plain. It is as likely as any to be the mountain that it is pretended to be, for it is in the wilderness, at its extreme eastern boundary, and is its highest and most slightly peak. We can look up and reproduce Ary Scheffer's picture—the grandest Christ in ancient or modern art—reproduce rather the visions which no artist can catch, that flash through every believing soul at the thought of that struggle and its consequences.

Jericho was close to the mountains, so that the spies could easily take refuge there. It was more difficult to see how the Israelitish army could have marched round its walls, for they seem to have been built on to the sides of the mountain. Probably a circumnavigation of the ruins would reveal space sufficient for the circuit. Not a house, not an erect pillar marks the site of the great city. It is as desolate as when Joshua pronounced his curse over it. We gallop back and dismount at the village of Riha, or modern Jericho, the site of

## GILGAL.

The sun makes a wondrous setting. Never in Italy or America did I see such clouds, and especially such a violet robe over a pure sky. Instead of the common blue, the cloudless heavens were filled with a rich tint of violet. Delicate as the softest shade of blossoming peach, it covered the whole space unoccupied by clouds. It was a new and, to me, unknown phenomenon. Long rifts of darkness, covered with gold, capped the mountains to the west. They had been marching up for the week from the Mediterranean. Lighter masses hung over the upper valley and the Moab Mountains, touched with a yellow and brown glory, slowly changing through many shades of orange, buff, and drab. But all their beauty was forgotten in that exquisite flush on the pure cheek of the heavens. It seemed as if that was the bright cloud that

overshadowed them—a cloud and yet no cloud—a throbbing glory as if the rustling robes of angels pausing on their way over the sacred earth beneath. As we gazed and contrasted the gorgeous setting with the cloudy and variable day, the words of Zechariah came to our mind: "In that day the light shall not be clear nor dark; but at evening time it shall be light."

How pleasant to eat our dinner under these spacious fig-trees, large as horse-chestnuts, with great green leaves, fit even yet to make the wardrobe of beauty! The muleteers were busy unpacking their mules, the dragoman was tying his horses to the trees, the cook made the darkness glow with his fires. The wild Arabs from the neighboring village looked curiously on, and the proud Arab guard strode around with great dignity, as useless and as pompous as many an official elsewhere.

Dinner was served and we walked into the village. It is only a few hundred rods in circuit, surrounded with a wall of dried thorn-bushes. A circle of men sat round a fire in the open square. We were invited to join them, but fear of fleas forbade. Strolling in the narrow streets, the open houses seemed hospitable, and one man invited us in. It was hazardous, for the guide-book warns us that the vices of Sodom yet flourish here. Yet curiosity was too much for prudence. Perhaps this was Lot, and his house was safe. We enter, and are escorted to a divan raised from the earth—a kind of platform on which are couches for reclining. A fire is at one end, and two or three males and several females are seated round. One of the daughters of Lot resigns her seat to us. We make ourselves at home, but ignorance of any common tongue cuts the conversation short at the beginning, and fears arise of vermin and of possibly worse enemies in the Sodomites themselves. So we beat a hasty and profusely-polite retreat. Sitting in the tent door, the men come and surround it, and go through their songs and dances. They brandish the sword, yell, howl, and wave the body in frantic gyrations. Yet amid all their terrible motions, looks, and sounds we hear the word "backsheesh," and so feel safe. Tired of their monotonous howlings and wavings, we cast them the desired shilling. They grumble and disappear, and "leave the world to darkness and to me." The stillness creeps upon us, velvet-footed, sacred. I lay down my wearied "Morton"—a quill of the golden-egged goose—leave my slumbering companions, stretched on their narrow couches in the tent, pass the drowsy fire and drowsy attendants around it, the tethered beasts, the thick shade of the trees, and go out under the silent heavens. The water flowing from the Fountain of Elisha

murmurs at my feet. Those stars struggling with the clouds, how they typify this history that shines out of the highest heaven through the heaviest of sinful clouds!

Right here, I say to myself, Joshua struggled with God under the terrible responsibilities of his office, and had that revelation of Christ. And thus my soul went leaping from peak to peak of the lofty events that shall eternally sanctify the spot—the prevailing Joshua, the crowning of Saul, the sacrificings of Samuel, the sermons of Elijah, the miracles of Elisha, of the pot, the ax, and the Syrian; the passing to and fro of the Divine One—how thick is the air with memories! and yet it is soft, clear, and balmy, and to the barbaric souls around as empty of spiritual life as the zephyrs that sleep on the new born in lands of the Pacific without inhabitant and without history. As for me, I could not help but say, as another said of a spot almost in sight up yonder dark ravine: "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

#### AFTER THE CONFLICT.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

At last the dread cloud that hung over the gorges  
Has sailed to the West and extinguished the sun;  
At last, mid the mountains, war's thunderbolt-forges  
Have ceased their loud labor; all fighting is done.  
"My dearest, shrink not!" murmured he when we parted,  
"But pray that Jehovah our freemen may shield;  
And if I should perish be not heavy-hearted."  
In haste then he kissed me, and sped to the field.  
So I have been calm, never weeping nor sighing,  
While yonder my love rode in martial array,  
The battle-tide breasting, or wounded or dying,  
With cheers sweeping on, or borne down in the fray.  
Till noontide those grand rhythmic thunders resounding  
Aroused into courage my patriot-zeal.  
But then my quick pulse ceased at once from its bounding;  
Pain entered my breast like the piercing of steel.  
This is not the time for weak wailing and sobbing;  
My heart must be patient, though riven in twain.  
This tent—how its quietness sets my veins throbbing!  
This ghastly, white moon—how it maddens my brain!  
"Go not"—so they said—"lest his courage should falter;  
Stay under the fig-tree and nourish the vine;  
His hearth-stone keep bright, feed the fire on home's altar."  
But what with? my heart, love, torn bleeding from thine?  
Ah, well! let them chide! I have freely resigned thee,  
Believing thee worthy those fathers of ours.  
But how could I suffer Death's herald to find thee,  
Alone, unconsoled, and I—tending my flowers!

How hushed is the camp-ground! the moonlight is waxing

More cruelly white, and more deathly serene;  
From far comes the cry of the whippowil, taxiag  
The sense with a dulcitude fearfully keen.

In the shadow a-near me the sentinel paces;  
The lightning-rent oak looms in silence above;  
Wherever I turn gleam prophetic, wan faces;  
That Banshee—or bird—chants the death-song of love.  
Hist! the guard at my right stands to challenge the straying.

That hasten with tidings concerning the strife;  
They whisper! they whisper! God! what are they saying?

"Since noon he is missing—small chance of his life.

"They saw him when on to the charge he was rushing,  
With valor superb he led forward his men;  
The sods where they swept red as rosas are blushing,  
Their dead, all unburied, are strewing the glen."

Their dead—but not mine! for the death-blow recoiling,  
Had spared not my life, had my lover been killed;  
My spirit, with his, waits the final despoiling—  
The cup being broken, is not the wine spilled?

He lives! on the cold clod he waits my appearing  
Ere love's golden glory can suffer eclipse;  
He yearns for my smile, death's last agony cheering,  
The clasp of my hand, and the touch of my lips.

Lead thou the way, friend, for the sake of the dying.  
Now blest be the moon for its shining to-night!  
Low down in the glen where my darling is lying,  
How long ere I found him, except for its light!

Move faster! what, think you I shudder or tremble?  
Not so; by the strength of my love I am led.  
Press on—through the plains where the living assemble;  
Press on—through the passes where slumber the dead.

And now, beyond all, where the sods blush the brightest,  
(His valor exceeding all valor to prove.)  
Where moonlight's white tissue is blanched to its whitest,

Lo! tranquilly slumbering, here is my love!

Awaken! O, waken! at last I have found thee,  
Dear, never again from thee—never to part!  
Awaken! O, waken! my arms are around thee,  
My cheek on thy cheek, and my heart on thy heart.

Deep peace on thy brow, like God's blessing, reposes;  
With joy thy pulse fails, weakly striving to beat.  
O, the patriot's death-couch is softer than roses!  
'Tis certain thy dreams have been heavenly-sweet.

Yet waken; my presence is better than dreaming,  
The sweetest completion of rapture it brings;  
And, ah! with new glory thy pale brow is gleaming,  
Thy glad spirit hears me—just poising its wings.

Thine eye, with its luster of love, is upon me;  
O, never the sun with such affluence shone!  
From the clasp of Death's merciless arms I have won thee;

I know thee forever—forever mine own!

For grief struck me cold ere thy fate had been told me;  
My soul caught the news and made ready for flight.  
Now tenderly kiss me, love, sweetly unfold me,  
Heaven dawns with to-morrow—good-night, and good-night!



## DORCAS HUNTER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

PHILADELPHIA, July 28, 18—.

I WENT to Church alone yesterday, both morning and evening. The weather was so intensely hot that I could not prevail on Fred or May to go with me. But the large church was comparatively cool, and I listened with real pleasure and profit to Dr. L., who gave us in the morning a fine exposition of the exquisite parable of the prodigal son, and a sermon in the evening upon growth in grace. I was walking quietly home, thinking over the main points of the discourse, when I was startled by a familiar step close behind me. There were many people walking near, and I tried to convince myself that I was mistaken, but I still heard that firm, rapid tread, and could separate it easily from all the rest. I unconsciously slackened my pace, and passing me so near that his sleeve brushed my mantle, I saw Lawrence Ashleigh. I knew him at once. The years of his long absence had changed him very little, I thought, though the boyish color had left his cheek, and there were threads of silver in the thick, dark hair that I remembered so well. I observed all this, though it seemed scarcely a moment from the time he passed me before he turned down another street and disappeared. This unexpected meeting agitated me more than I would have believed possible after schooling my heart for so many years.

At noon to-day Fred came hurrying into the dining-room, scarcely waiting to get his seat at the table before he began to speak.

"Guess, Dorcas, whom I met down town this morning?"

My heart beat strangely, but I replied with another question, "Is it so unusual to meet a person?"

"Ah, but this is a person you used to know. He used to spend more than half of his evenings at our house, Dorcas, before he went to California."

"It must be Lawrence Ashleigh," I said, quietly; "I saw him yesterday when I was coming from Church; in the afternoon, I think."

"The very man! He is coming here to tea. He had two little girls with him—about Minnie's age, I thought from their looks."

"He has a wife, of course," said May; "I hope you invited her also."

"No, I did n't think of it."

"Very polite in you."

"Well, it can't be helped now. I believe I

should have been more thoughtful if he had not mystified me so about Dorcas here."

"About me?" I said wonderingly.

"Yes. When I told him my sister was with us, he hoped Mrs. Linton was well. 'Who?' I asked. 'Mrs. Linton.' 'You mean Charley Linton's wife? They moved out West to Cleveland five or six years ago. Did you know her?' 'Did not your sister Dorcas marry him?' 'Not that I ever heard of,' I answered, laughing; 'what put that into your head? Why, I think he was the only person Dorcas ever positively disliked. We used to tease her about him for that reason.' 'And she was never engaged to him?' he asked in such a strange, incredulous tone that I was nearly provoked with him. 'No, indeed; I guess she will laugh when she hears of your mistake.' He colored as rosy as a girl at this, and was going to insist, I suppose, on my keeping quiet, but Ned Bowers came up and took me away to the bank on business, and he could only look his appeal to me. Did you ever hear any thing funnier than this, Dorcas?" said Fred, laughing heartily at the idea of Charley Linton as a brother-in-law.

"It will seem pleasant to see him again," I said cheerfully, when his merriment had subsided.

"Yes; it will be like the old times. I hope he has come home to remain permanently."

"I wish," said May, "that you had asked him to bring his wife."

Fred's face suddenly lighted up with a whimsical expression. "It would not be etiquette to invite her here till you have called on her."

"Nonsense, Fred; he is an old friend of yours, and no etiquette is necessary."

"I do n't know his wife, and though she is doubtless a stranger here, and feels very lonely and dismal at the hotel, I could not be so oblivious of the rules of society as to invite her here without ceremony."

Fred never loses an opportunity to ridicule the fashionable restraints upon comfortable social intercourse, or to point out the foibles of *genteel* society. I saw that he was warming up for a general assault upon the manners and customs of the times, so I made my escape as soon as possible, and, alone in my room, sat down to speculate upon the expected visit.

July 30th. Lawrence Ashleigh did not come to tea, but in the evening he called on us. I had been schooling and composing myself all the afternoon, but I confess that I trembled all over as I shook hands with him, and could not answer one word to his kind greeting. I was perfectly ashamed of myself. However, I soon

regained my self-control, and was quite myself when Fred came in to meet his friend.

"I hope you are going to remain in Philadelphia," said Fred, heartily; "it does me good to see a face that was familiar in boyhood. We used to have grand times, Lawrence, in the old farm-house."

"They are among the most pleasant of my recollections also," he answered. "I have visited many countries since then, but I scarcely remember a day when my thoughts have not been more or less occupied with those happy old times."

"I am glad you remember them so pleasantly. Dorcas, an't you ashamed to forget them so entirely?"

"Forget them!" I repeated.

"Yes; you never mention them of your own accord. One would suppose that instead of having been blessed with one of the most cloudless seasons of youth that was ever vouchsafed to a mortal, you had been reared in a desert."

"I remember the old times very well," I said; "the long evenings when you and Mr. Ashleigh, after working out the puzzling problems that you brought from school, were quite ready to help Ben and myself with the walnuts and popcorn."

"And the Summers too, Dorcas," said Fred. "Do you remember how we used to spend whole days in the woods? There 's the old picnic ground, Lawrence, just the same. The young folks meet there just as we did. I have never been there since you went away. I remember that last picnic, though. How Charley Linton teased you, Dorcas! Do you remember how you came to me almost crying and begged me to keep him away from you? It is true, Lawrence. One would have supposed from her anxious looks that little Charlie was a great beast of prey."

May now came in, and while she was being presented to our guests I managed to withdraw with my work-box to a shaded corner of the room. A cheerful conversation followed, and we soon found ourselves listening with absorbing interest to the animated description that Lawrence gave us of the scenes through which he had passed. When he rose to leave, May, with an apology for Fred's forgetfulness, invited him to call again with his wife and allow us the pleasure of her acquaintance. He looked surprised.

"Thank you. I would gladly do so, but unfortunately I have no wife to accompany me. I have never been married, Mrs. Hunter."

"It is my mistake," said Fred. "I thought those little girls were yours."

"I only took charge of them and their mother to oblige our old friend, Thomas Emmons, who will remain in California till another Spring. The climate did not suit his wife, and she returned with me. I have accompanied them this afternoon to a friend's house about five miles out of the city, and they will go to Cambridge, Massachusetts, her native town, some time next week."

"I am glad of it," said May. "I am glad you are free to come and go as you like, at least till Fred has time thoroughly to air his memories of the past. He can not forget one of his youthful scrapes and follies."

"Do not grudge him the pleasure of recalling them. I always count a man rich who has a happy childhood to remember."

"Yes; but I do so tire of Fred's reminiscences," said May, pretending to yawn as she raised her hand to meet Fred's which lay upon her shoulders. "They are all about cornfields, and clover, and sheep, and pigs. There is an occasional episode of partridge or woodcock shooting, which sport, in my opinion, is as wicked as it is cruel. So you see, Mr. Ashleigh, it will be a charity to spend your spare time with us."

"I do n't see, Lawrence," rejoined Fred, "why you can not make our house your headquarters. You have no friends here, I suppose."

"Yes, I have a sister. I had my trunks taken to her house this morning."

"Well, let us see you as often as possible."

"I shall be selfish enough to do that."

I said nothing. What, indeed, could I say? Fred and May both scolded me jestingly after he was gone for being so uncivilly cool to him.

"It was not like you, Dorcas," said Fred. "You were a veritable iceberg. There was no thawing you out."

"He felt it, I am sure," added May. "He scarcely moved his eyes from you even when replying to us. Why, he was very intimate at your house, was he not?"

"It is not possible," exclaimed Fred, suddenly, "that you resent his believing you the wife of little Charley?"

"No, indeed. I meant to have received him politely. I thought I did so."

"Politely! A *cordial* reception would be more grateful to the feelings of an old friend. You are not growing genteel, Dorcas?"

His comical assumption of alarm came just in time to save me from a burst of tears. But I am afraid the laugh that took its place was a little hysterical. I sat up till nearly morn-

ing holding a council with myself. I reasoned with *myself*, tried to understand *myself*, and to reduce *myself* to a wholesome submission to and cheerful acceptance of the lot assigned me by Providence, but was sure, amid all my self-teaching, that I could not trust myself to recall the buried memories to which the presence of Lawrence Ashleigh gave a resurrection. The only way for me was to return to my quiet country home, and there resume my position as a pattern old maid.

August 3d. I mentioned to May this morning that I must go home early next week. Such a look of dismay as overspread her face!

"I will not hear of it," she protested. "I am sure Fred will not permit it. It is too bad for you to think of such a thing. Just as I am forming such pleasant acquaintances through your means!"

"Through my means!" I repeated in surprise.

"Yes. I was never intimate with Mrs. Foster till you came. Our intercourse was limited to an occasional formal call, which to me was simply an aggravation. Her set is very exclusive. Your acquaintance with her cousin, Mrs. Middleton, was the most fortunate thing for me. You smile, Dorcas, but here it is no small thing to move in good society."

"I suppose you had plenty of society before?"

"Not much. Fred has such notions. Not that he tried to control me, but he would not accompany me into society which had no merit except"—

"Except being genteel," I said, as she hesitated. "But he goes with you to Mrs. Foster's, and he was the life of the company at Judge Parker's when we dined there."

"Yes. Because he met intelligent people there, and the conversation was sensible."

"I enjoyed that evening very much. What a fine description Mrs. Parker gave us of the scenery and air of Cuba! I could almost fancy that we had been by some magic transported to that earthly paradise. Do you remember the sad expression of her face when, to offset the brightness of her picture, she said, 'It is a paradise for *white* people only?'"

"I do n't see how you can think of going home," said May, abruptly returning to the subject. "There's Minnie changing for the better every day. Mrs. Foster says she will be a charming woman if she is trained to resemble her aunt."

"What nonsense!"

"Then there is George going with you to Church or to walk, and, in spite of his bashfulness, behaving like a gentleman. He always seemed to shrink from going to any public place

with me, and he has all his father's notions about dancing schools and fashionable society."

"Better for him and for you too," I answered; "and infinitely better as it regards his influence over Minnie."

"Do you think the dancing school spoiled Minnie?"

"No; but it will take years of study and careful training wholly to eradicate her present impressions."

"I think I must have been blind not to have sooner noticed the injury she was receiving. I used to feel quite proud when the other ladies who accompanied their daughters to the school praised her manners."

"They could not have done so sincerely, May. No one could help seeing that she was more like an affected old woman than a child."

"Tell me honestly, Dorcas, the impression she made on you. Fred used to talk in your style, but I knew he was prejudiced against dancing. You knew nothing then about her training and could judge her fairly."

"Well, May, I thought she was the most disagreeable child I ever saw in my life."

"Dorcas!"

The mother's heart rose to defend her child. We were both silent for some moments. Then I continued as gently as possible, "Ah, May, would that I could convince you that true refinement of manner and feeling is no where learned so easily or so perfectly as in the school of Christ! How will you answer for your negligence as a mother in this respect when called to account for it at the judgment?"

"Don't, Dorcas," she entreated, "you frighten me."

"But, my dear sister, if you can not bear to think of it how will you bear the reality when it comes? That time *must* come to all. There is no escaping it. We may banish it from our thoughts and conversation, but it will come just the same. And it will come to you and me May, dear, just as really as if no other persons existed. You believe that, I am sure."

"Yes. But it is so dreadful," said May, shuddering.

"No, not dreadful if Christ, the Judge, is our friend."

"Do n't talk about it, Dorcas, please. Some time I will consider it seriously, but not to-day. We can't take gloomy faces to Mrs. Foster's tea-party. What will you wear?" asked May, brightening perceptibly as her thoughts fell back into their accustomed train.

"I do not know yet. I have not thought about it."

"I have, though. Wear that pretty gray tissue, Dorcas, with its pure blond trimmings. It is so becoming. It makes you look young."

"I am thirty years old, May."

"So am I, but that is young nowadays."

*August 4th.* At Mrs. Foster's I was surprised to meet Lawrence Ashleigh, and still more astonished to learn that Mrs. Foster is his sister. I remembered that after his parents died and he came to live with his uncle at Maplegrove I heard about a baby sister who was adopted by some wealthy lady. I could understand now why her smile and the intonations of her voice had so puzzled me. Still, except when speaking, they bear little resemblance to each other. For the first time since his return I was able to behave naturally, and to feel at ease in his presence. But Mrs. Foster or Fred, I scarcely know which, nearly upset me again after dinner. Lawrence had brought his portfolio for me to look over. It was full of sketches, taken hastily, he said, from different views that had particularly interested him, and he had so many strange but pleasant incidents to relate in connection with them that we all, that is, Fred, May, Mrs. Foster, and myself, felt as if we had been eye-witnesses of the scenes he described. I suppose my face showed the interest I felt, for Fred suddenly exclaimed, "May, just look at Dorcas. She has never looked so much like herself since that long illness."

They all turned from the drawings to look at me.

"And how long ago was this illness," laughingly asked Mrs. Foster, "since which time Miss Hunter has been so unlike herself?"

"O, a dozen years, I should think. She was very ill a long time. You have no idea, Lawrence, how dreary the old house was all that time. Let me think. Why, she was taken ill the evening after that famous picnic that we were laughing about the other night. That was about the time you went to California. How long ago was that?"

"Twelve years."

The effort to answer calmly was so apparent, and the sudden look that we exchanged expressed so really the true state of affairs, that my wise brother was perforce a little enlightened. His eye turned from me to Lawrence, and then sought to read my face again with a puzzled perplexity that would have amused me in other circumstances. I was glad to see that May and Mrs. Foster had given us no particular attention. The rest of the party had returned to the parlor.

"Please put away the drawings, Lawrence,"

said his sister. "We have really so little to interest us that we must keep those pictures fresh for stormy evenings. I'm sorry you are rich, Lawrence, for I shall straightway become such an object of interest to all the mammas who have marriageable daughters that I shall get no rest. By the way, who was that vulgar-looking woman that accosted you so cordially as we were coming out of Drown's store this morning?"

"Her name is Mrs. Shrimp."

"An acquaintance?"

"I knew her years ago at Maplegrove."

"You were not glad to meet her. And I was thankful you did not introduce me."

"I did not think of it."

"You should have seen him, Miss Hunter. She came up to him all smiles and cordiality, with her hand extended to grasp his, and he looked so stern and proud that I scarcely knew him. Why did n't you shake hands with her, Lawrence?"

He hesitated, and I saw that Fred again regarded us with attention. At last, observing that his sister was waiting to hear his reply, he said, "I was not hypocrite enough, Isabel, to receive very graciously a person whose deliberate falsehoods have shadowed nearly all my young life."

His grave tone sobered her, but I was quite unprepared for what came next. "You do n't mean to say, Lawrence, that you ever loved that woman!"

Fred's contagious laugh, in which we could not help joining, saved him the trouble of replying, and we rejoined the company in the drawing-room.

*August 10th.* It has been a hot, sultry day, and I have longed for the cool, shadowy rooms at Maplegrove, where the pure breeze comes so refreshingly down the mountains and creeps through the vines that screen my favorite window.

I can see in fancy my work-table in the little recess, with its single vase—itsself a memorial of the old, happy days—filled with wild flowers from the hills and meadows. My mind strays up and down the shaded walks in the near forest—the walks to which my feet have been strangers for half a score of years—and memory reproduces all, even to the gray rocks and the little restless spring beneath, fringed with ferns and rushes.

I give free play to my thoughts to-night, for I am happy—happier than I ever thought to be on earth again. Next week I go home to Maplegrove, but I have promised that when the beautiful Indian Summer shall come, I will be-



come the wife of Lawrence Ashleigh. There is no need now to choose between my brothers in regard to my future home. I shall have two homes still. Lawrence has bought a house near his sister's, and I have the cottage that my father gave me, scarcely a stone's-throw from the old homestead. Both are to be furnished for us.

And Minnie is so pleased to know that her aunt will live in a genteel house, on a genteel street, and perhaps become a leader in genteel society, which, Heaven forbid! I thank God that Lawrence is a Christian. Were I not sure of this, no earthly love should induce me to trust my future in his hands. Our early trials were surely blessings, for without them I fear that neither of us would have been led to the Savior of sinners. As it is, we commence our united life in his service, and in our home first of all shall be erected an altar for his worship. In the city and in our cottage home we will be known, not as fashionable professors of religion, but, God helping us, as active but humble disciples of the Lord Jesus.

#### ST. STEPHEN CEMETERY.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

HERE rest the dead—the dead—and who are they?

Whence comes it that they sleep so silent here?  
Were they not with us mid the bright and gay,

In scenes of joyousness and festal cheer,  
When the loud ringing laugh and song of mirth  
Woke the glad echoes round the Winter hearth?

Were they not with us when the chiming bell  
Summoned our footsteps to the house of prayer?  
Did not their voices blend with ours, and swell  
The praises of His name who dwelleth there,  
Until one lofty pean, loud and high,  
Swept up the arches of the vaulted sky?

And when the benediction gently fell,  
And as a white-winged messenger divine  
Folded its pinions like a holy spell,  
And made each softened heart an altar-shrine,  
Did they not own with us the soothing power,  
The sacred feeling of that hallowed hour?

How have they parted from our fond embrace!  
How have they left us in the path alone!  
Can we forget the pallor of the face,  
When Death's cold hand had sealed it for his own?  
Can we forget the solemn, awful gloom  
Which brooded like a presence in the room?

And these low graves, where Summer roses twine,  
And soft airs wander, freighted with the breath  
Of dewy violets and buds which shine,

Brightening like stars the gloomy night of death;  
These are their graves—here sweetly sleep they all,  
Never to wake till the great angel call.

And these white stones which rear their snowy forms,

Like guardian angels, o'er the mounds below,  
Feeling alike the blast of Winter's storms,

And the soft breezes from the south which blow,  
Gleaming memorials of love and trust,  
Reaching toward heaven, though reaching from the dust.

Oft as we visit this lone realm of death,

Oft as our feet along its paths shall stray,

Oft as our bitter tears and choking breath

Shall tell of joys now yielded to decay,  
We'll plant still brighter flowers above the tomb,  
As brighter emblems of immortal bloom.

Guard well, O Death, the trophies thou hast gained!

O Grave, hold fast the treasures thou hast won!

Keep them secure till the last moon hath waned,

Faded the last faint trace of yonder sun;

Keep them secure, till from the opening skies

A mightier voice shall cry, Awake! Arise!

#### RECOGNIZED.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

ANEAR the beautiful river  
That grandly rolls in the West,  
Where arrows from sunset's quiver  
Are gilding the waves' unrest,  
Sang a bird, whose notes were sadder  
Than any the forest knew;  
Hidden, its bough on the alder,  
It wilder, lonelier grew;

Till tones from the Eastern ocean  
Wakened the spirit within,  
To exult in joyous emotion—  
'T was song-power echoing kin.  
O whence came the gift of loving  
The unseen spirit of thought?  
The quickened knowledge approving  
A soul, with sympathies fraught?

That was felt when heart vibrations  
Had thrilled to one glad'ning strain;  
It was owned when life-desolations  
Had burdened the sweet refrain.  
As bird unto bird is singing,  
One echoes back and admires—  
Shall we, now these earth-harps ringing,  
Respond upon golden lyres?

Respond where no wail of sorrow  
Will moisten the eye with tears;  
Nor death our jewels can borrow,  
Nor life be measured by years;  
Where "crowns" for the tresses raven,  
And those for the "silver hair,"  
Will blaze with the gems of heaven,  
And highten the glory there.

If forced from faith, forever miserable;  
For what is misery but want of God?  
And God is lost if faith be overthrown.

### THOMAS PAINE—HIS CAREER IN EUROPE.

BY REV. D. CUNRY, D. D.

AS early as 1780 the lulling of the war-storm in America, and perhaps the want of due appreciation of his merits by Congress led Paine to cast about for another field in which to exercise his peculiar powers. During that year, while the war dragged languidly for lack of the "sinews of war," Congress was chiefly occupied with financial measures. Henry Laurens was sent to France, if possible, to negotiate a loan, and Paine accompanied him as Secretary. While in France he hoped to find means to smuggle himself into England, believing that if only there he could soon excite a revolution in that country. The same design was still cherished after his return to America. The return of peace at once threw him out of employment as a promoter of revolutions, and also opened his way to prosecute his work in England. Accordingly early in 1787 he sailed for Europe, and in the Fall of that year published in London what was designed to become a revolutionary pamphlet—a rambling essay on political ethics and public economy, with references to cotemporaneous European affairs, and suggestions respecting reforms. This he intended should do for England what, in his estimation, "Common Sense" had done for America; but as the American pamphlet was successful because it was timely, so, for lack of that condition, this one fell dead from the press.

About the beginning of 1789 the muttering of the approaching French Revolution began to be heard throughout Europe. Paine was still lingering in England when he heard its earliest rumblings, and lost no time in hastening to Paris to breathe again the heated atmosphere of revolution, and if possible to participate in its affairs.

Of the stirring events of that and the next year—including the demolition of the Bastille, which had become to the nation the symbol of its despotism—he was a witness rather than an active agent. His time was not yet. The proceedings of the French revolutionists were closely watched from the opposite side of the channel, hopefully by the friends of human rights, and tremblingly by the ruling minions of despotism. Burke, then at the height of his popularity, warmly espoused the cause of the revolutionists, and both spoke and wrote in favor of the French people. He also kept up a correspondence with Paine while he was in Paris. But as the Revolution advanced Burke became alarmed, and at the opening of the session of 1790 he denounced the revolutionists in severe terms, and soon after-

ward published his famous "Reflections on the French Revolution." It is easy to justify Burke's change of position by pointing to the unexpected excesses into which the revolutionists at length ran; but a closer intimacy with his personal history at this time casts some doubts upon the subject. Evidently his mind was then in a transition state, and from the position of an advocate of popular freedom he was becoming an apologist for despotism. That about this time he was taken into the royal favor, and liberally pensioned, and offered a patent of nobility, may have been the fruits, rather than the causes of his changes of opinions and associations; though, of course, his enemies did not extend to him the charity of so believing.

Paine now became at once Burke's polemical antagonist and personal assailant. Burke's book had been received with much favor, and greatly damaged the French cause among nearly all classes; but just as all England was becoming unanimous in execrating the French revolutionists, and denouncing popular liberty, Paine, who had returned from France, issued his "Vindication of the French Revolution," and so created a counter current. The British Government then became, in fact, the chief patron of Paine's book by violently attempting to suppress it; on the one hand persecuting its publishers, and on the other, offering a large sum for the exclusive copyright. A perfect storm of parties now raged in England, and Paine was again in his element. When a prosecution was brought on against his printer he assumed all the responsibility to himself, and challenged the Government to do its worst. His pen was all the time actively engaged, and his assailants found, to their grief, that in the arts of invective he was more than their match.

While thus reveling in the storm of party strifes he was suddenly called to return to Paris. A new National Assembly had just been chosen by the French people, and four different localities had elected him to be their representative, and early in September, 1792, a deputation from Calais came to invite him to that city. He lost no time in complying, and it afterward proved that he was not too expeditious; for in less than an hour after he had sailed from Dover, an officer arrived with a warrant for his arrest. At Calais he was fêted as only Frenchmen of that time could do it. Thence he proceeded to Paris, his whole procession being a continuous ovation, and took his seat in the National Assembly. Of that body, the like of which the world has never seen, and, it may be hoped, never will see, we may not here write. Its business was not reformation, but revolution, and most

remorselessly did it pursue its purpose; and as Paine labored all his lifetime under a hallucination as to his own aptitude in theoretical statesmanship, the position of affairs was eminently to his taste. But while he cared chiefly to realize a fancy, others were less single of purpose, and less oblivious of the past. Measures were presently brought forward in the Assembly, in obedience to the clamors of the populace, for the arraignment and trial of the king. Paine not only was without any vindictive resentment against the former French Government, of which he knew but little, but on account of the relations of that Government with America, during the war of the Revolution, his feelings toward the fallen monarch were decidedly friendly. The debate on the motion was spirited and able, for though the opposition was small numerically, yet it embraced some of the ablest speakers in the Assembly, and as yet there was full liberty of discussion. Near the close of the debate, Paine's speech, which had been written in English and translated into French, was read from the tribune. The result of the discussion and its tragical sequences are all matters of history.

The division on the question respecting the king placed Paine in opposition to the ruling and more violent faction in the National Assembly, and exposed him to the suspicion of conservatism. He, however, continued to attend the sessions of the Assembly, and to participate in its proceedings for some months longer; but finding the body wholly given over to unscrupulous and selfish factions, that cared very little about his Platonic fancies, he became less punctual, and at length absented himself altogether. He now became an object of espionage and petty persecutions. His foreign birth and citizenship were used against him, and at length he found himself lodged in the Luxembourg prison. From being at first only restrained of his liberty, he was soon made a close prisoner, and not even permitted to see any of his friends, and for a whole month he was prostrate and unconscious under the influence of a fever. To that, it has been said, he owed his escape from the guillotine, for just then the work of slaughter was proceeding with terrible celerity; but before he had sufficiently recovered to be led to execution, the fall of Robespierre staid the further progress of the destroying angel. The oft-repeated story of his escape from death, first told by Paine himself, is perhaps the true history of that strange affair. We give it in nearly his own words: "One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and one hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day; of whom I was to be one. The room in

which I lodged [with three others] was on the ground-floor, and was one of a long range under a gallery. The door opened outward, and when opened, it lay flat against the wall, with its inside outward. The persons to be executed were taken out of their rooms by night, the officers being directed by marks placed on the doors the preceding day. The door of my room had been standing open during the day, and while in that position, with its inside outward, it was marked; but the marking was not seen till by closing the door the fatal sign appeared on the inside. The officer, in his errand of death to the prison, finding that door unmarked on the outside, passed it by, and its doomed inmates escaped." This strange deliverance Paine ever afterward recognized as a clear case of Providential interposition.

The fall of Robespierre released him from prison and restored him to his seat in the National Assembly, of which he remained a silent and impotent member till the dissolution of that body by the adoption of the new organic law of the French Republic, near the close of 1795. The next seven years he remained in Paris, in private life, but still taking a lively interest in public affairs, both French and American. The conclusion of a new treaty between the United States and Great Britain, commonly known as "Jay's Treaty," greatly excited his disgust and indignation, and led him to publish a scurrilous attack upon Washington, then President of the United States. He had become greatly embittered because the American Government had not interposed in his behalf during his imprisonment; and now, in that powerful strain of invective for which he was distinguished, he vented his anger against the good name of Washington. The maliciousness of that act was only excelled by its impolicy. He never recovered from its results.

Paine's private life in Paris presents very few points that the friends of his reputation could wish to be remembered. At first his political and social standing gave him ready access to the society of American and English residents, and of some French citizens of distinction. He entered earnestly into the discussions, then all the fashion, respecting society and morals, and was an active member of the Society of *Theophilanthropists*; and as most of his fellow-members were atheists, and he an avowed theist and a believer in special providence, room was thus given for the coveted disputations. Of the scandals that have prevailed respecting his associations and manner of life during this period, nothing need be said. His apologists confess that he became greatly addicted to drunkenness, which, with his poverty, brought him into low company, and clothed him in rags. He was out

of favor with the American Government, and on account of his habits he was shunned by many who for his earlier services would have gladly honored and relieved him.

It was during his residence in Paris that Paine first became known as a disputant on theological questions and an adversary to Christianity. There is no proof that during the first fifty years of his lifetime he was, in the popular sense, an unbeliever. His writings during our revolutionary period uniformly recognize the Bible and the Christian system as true and authoritative, and had his career closed at that period he would have ranked among Christian writers. Still it is sufficiently evident that, even then, he had no settled religious convictions nor reverence for sacred things. During the eighteenth century a speculative infidelity leavened the popular thinking of Great Britain, and also in a mitigated degree that of America. A reaction had, indeed, begun to be felt; the great Methodistic movement, which is the distinguishing religious feature of this century; but as yet that was not generally felt, and especially not among the poor and less elevated grades of society. In France, even more than is now the case, a virtual atheism pervaded all classes, not excepting the clergy, and so when the frenzy of the Revolution seized the popular mind, there was nothing to stay its desolating march. The French Revolution was a revolt against order; which in that kingdom existed under the forms of monarchical and ecclesiastical institutions, and, therefore, these became objects of assault. Against the former Paine was already a recognized champion, crowned with laurels won in America; he now rushed earnestly into a crusade against the Church. His mission was not to reform, but to destroy, and such was his egotistical confidence, that he fancied he had but to move his pen against them, and what he esteemed the hoary superstitions of the past would dissolve like morning mists. Though his Biblical learning was below the average of uneducated laymen, and though there is reason to believe that he never devoted an hour to the study of the Christian evidences, yet he fully believed himself equal to the task he had undertaken.

When the minions of Robespierre were first taking him to prison, he was permitted to call on his fellow American citizen, Joel Barlow, then residing in Paris; and with him he left a somewhat voluminous manuscript, which proved to be the first part of the "Age of Reason." The second part was written during his imprisonment. It was first published in Paris, in 1795, and soon after in both England and America; and from that time its author became more

notorious for his assaults against religion, than before he had been illustrious as a patriot and the defender of human rights.

Of the "Age of Reason" no special notice is needed. It had its day, and is now forever laid aside. No adversary of the Christian faith would now reproduce its arguments—except a Colenso—and no defender of that faith finds any difficulty in meeting them. Yet it was great in its day. Not, indeed, in research, nor in logic, nor in well-put arguments, nor in pertinent objections; but it was bold and unscrupulous in its assaults and contradictions against venerated and authoritative opinions, and its nervous ribaldry charmed the secretly irreligious, as well as the openly profane, by its audacity. The infidelity of the age had already found its interpreter for each class except the uneducated; the "Age of Reason" filled that exception. Among wits the polished satires of Voltaire had made religion a jest. The sentimentalisms of Rousseau, the learning of D'Alembert, the quiet skepticism of Hume, and the coarse, but earnest, philosophizing of Bolingbroke had severally done their damaging work upon the classes most likely to be affected by them. It was Paine's mission to seduce the illiterate and uncultivated from their simple and often unreasoning faith; and to that bad work he rallied all his powers of reckless denunciations and sneering sarcasm. As in other controversies, he entered this without any degree of deference for either the cause he assailed or the antagonists he expected to encounter. He denounced the Sacred History as a very poor romance, and the doctrines of the Bible as absurd and wicked, while the ministers of religion were stigmatized as the most execrable of mankind—selfish, ignorant, bigoted, ferocious, and uniformly enemies to the best interests of the race. That such a book would be deeply and widely pernicious could not be doubted; but it came too late to work its full measure of harm. The religious sentiment of the American people—always deep-seated and effective—though it had suffered from the demoralizations of war, and been poisoned by French philosophy, was now rapidly recovering itself and disposing the public mind to religion. The excesses of the French revolutionists had produced a favorable reaction, and many persons from merely prudential motives disavored such a rude attack upon sacred things. Franklin, though himself scarcely a believer, wrote to Paine, deprecating the tendency of his book, and apologizing for religion as useful for the uneducated. But he had no such scruples, nor had he much respect for the opinions of any man who did not conciliate his self-complacency. The result proved however, quite



contrary to his calculations; that, instead of the prestige of the author's name giving currency and triumph to the "Age of Reason," that work outweighed against the merits of his political writings, and rendered both his name and his works objects of suspicion and execration.

The year 1802 found Paine still in Paris, poor, friendless, and altogether forlorn; but beyond the Atlantic his prospects were improving. Mr. Jefferson, the leader and idol of the French republican party, was at the head of the Government, and soon Paine was invited to return to America. It indicates the character of the man, that he wrote back, asking that a national vessel might be sent to transport his precious person to the United States. Mr. Jefferson was not indisposed to gratify the wishes of one with whom he so largely sympathized in both political and theological opinions; but the arrangements for that purpose failed, and after various disappointments and escapes, he sailed from Havre in a merchant vessel, on the 1st of September, and two months afterward landed in Baltimore; fifteen years older than when he departed, but scarcely either a wiser or a better man.

#### THE PAINTER-BOY ASCENDING THE LADDER—BENJAMIN WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN our last number we gave the history of the boyhood of Benjamin West. We detailed the circumstances that determined his choice of profession, his early struggle with adverse circumstances, and his religious consecration to the art of painting. We also gave an account of his early success, and how that success, instead of satisfying his mind, only inspired within him loftier views, till at last, when scarcely past his majority, we found him knocking for recognition at the door of that Elysium of art—Italy. Thus we have seen the young man fairly launched in his career. We have now before us BENJAMIN WEST, THE PAINTER.

His reception in Rome was somewhat novel. He had been provided with excellent letters of introduction. Soon after his arrival, he was so fortunate as to secure the favor of Lord Grantham. He had also an able adviser in Mengs, a celebrated painter of the day. Lord Grantham introduced his *protégé* to the celebrated Cardinal Albini, who, though old and nearly blind, had such delicacy of touch that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. "I have the honor," said he, "to present a young American, who has a

letter for your Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the fine arts." The Cardinal knew so little of the New World—for we must remember this was over one hundred years ago—that he seemed to take it for granted that he was a native Indian. "He passed his hand over the face of the young artist, in order to judge of his features. He was satisfied. 'This young savage has good features, but what is his complexion? Is he black or white?' The English gentleman who introduced West replied that he was 'very fair.' 'What!' cried the astonished Cardinal, 'as fair as I am?' " Now the complexion of the prelate was a deep olive, while that of West was more than ordinarily fair. The question created not a little merriment, and "as fair as a cardinal" became a proverb for a while.

Some of the new-made friends of West, noticing his sensitive and enthusiastic nature, resolved to witness the effect that would be produced upon him when first beholding the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael. The statue of Apollo was first exhibited. It stood inclosed in a case. When the doors were suddenly thrown open West unconsciously exclaimed, "My God! a young Mohawk warrior!" His friends were, for a moment, surprised and mortified. But West described to them the Mohawks; the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons; the elasticity of their limbs, and how free and unconstrained their motions were. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from their bow." This explanation not only relieved the chagrin of his friends, but gave the whole company a better idea of the noble physical development of the native savage of America.

The real trial of West was yet to come. How he passed through this ordeal is well told by his biographer. He had as yet submitted no proof of his claims to mix with men of genius. He "had, indeed, shown his drawings to Mengs and to others; but they were, as he confessed, destitute of original merit; nor, indeed, could they be commended for either neatness or accuracy. He waited on Lord Grantham. 'I can not,' said he, 'produce a finished sketch, like the other students, because I have never been instructed in drawing; but I can paint a little, and if you will do me the honor to sit for your portrait, that I may show it to Mengs, you will do me a great kindness.' His lordship consented; the portrait was painted; and, the name of the artist being kept a secret, the picture was placed in the gallery of Crespigni, where amateurs and artists

were invited to see it. It was known that Lord Grantham was sitting to Mengs, and to him some ascribed the portrait, though they thought the coloring surpassed his other compositions. Dance, an Englishman of sense and acuteness, looked at it closely. 'The coloring surpasses that of Mengs,' he observed, 'but the drawing is neither so fine nor so good.' The company engaged eagerly in the discussion; Crespigni seized the proper moment, and said, 'It is not painted by Mengs.' 'By whom, then?' they exclaimed; 'for there is no other painter in Rome capable of doing any thing so good.' 'By that young gentleman,' said the other, turning to West, who sat uneasy and agitated. The English held out their hands; the Italians ran and embraced him. Mengs himself soon arrived; he looked at the picture, and spoke with great kindness. 'Young man, you had no occasion to come to Rome to learn to paint. What I, therefore, recommend to you is this: Examine every thing here worthy of attention, making drawings of some half dozen of the best statues. Go to Florence, and study in the galleries; go to Bologna, and study the works of Carracci; and then proceed to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When all this is accomplished, return to Rome, paint a historical picture, exhibit it publicly, and then the opinion which will be expressed of your talents will determine the line of art which you ought to follow.'

The ordeal was now passed, and West had secured an honorable and sure place among men of acknowledged genius. He did not, however, relax his efforts, and his subsequent productions not only sustained, but enhanced still further his growing reputation. He did not forget that **GENIUS IS LABOR.**

By the liberality of his friends in America, and that of one or two patrons found in Italy, West was enabled to prosecute his studies in Rome for some time. He visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice. Having accomplished the object of his mission, he began to make preparations to return home. He passed through Savoy into France, deeply interested in, and studying closely, the productions of the great masters of art. He arrived in England, August 20, 1763. His condition and how he came are illustrated by an anecdote told by himself half a century later. In conversation with a friend, he said: "Yesterday was fifty years since I arrived in London. I remember traveling on the top of the Canterbury coach, and stopping about two miles from London, at a mean tavern, and taking dinner before I entered the metropolis to seek my fortune; and I could not avoid yesterday going to

the same tavern, calling for a dinner alone in the same room, looking back on the fifty years I had spent, the progress I had made in my profession, the friends I possessed, and the adventures I had met with." This was a singular epoch in the life of an individual.

He had no expectation of remaining in England, but came simply to form the acquaintance of the principal artists, and to study their productions. He soon made the acquaintance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also of Richard Wilson, a celebrated landscape painter. Intercourse with artists and an examination of their works awakened his ambition. He consulted no one, says his biographer, but took rooms and set up his easel. When his determination was known, his brethren in art came around him, welcomed him with much cordiality, and encouraged him to continue his career as a historical painter. Reynolds was devoted to portraits; Hogarth was on the brink of the grave; Barry engaged in controversies at Rome; Wilson was neglected; and Gainsborough's excellence lay in landscape. With a keen perception of this state of things, the young American artist saw at once that he had a fair field and no opponents in his chosen department of the art.

The wisdom of his determination to remain in England and also to devote his principal attention to historical painting were justified by the results. The author of "Self-Made Men," quoting mainly from Cunningham, says: "In 1765 Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, engaged him to paint 'the Parting of Hector and Andromache;' while for Dr. Johnson, then Bishop of Worcester, he undertook 'the Return of the Prodigal Son.' These commissions, and others which came to him, established his position as a historical painter. It was so far recognized that Lord Rockingham offered the rising artist an engagement of three thousand, five hundred dollars a year if he would undertake to embellish his family mansion with pictures. Liberal as was this offer, West declined it, thinking, correctly enough, that his best patrons would be the public. Feeling easy in his mind concerning his future prospects, West consulted his heart on a matter which had engaged it for several years. Prior to his departure from America he had contracted a sincere affection for a young lady of the name of Shewell, and had paid his suit with such success that he was accepted. Now that the honors and riches of the world were at his command, he desired to make her his wife. At first it was his intention to undertake a voyage to America for the purpose of effecting the marriage, but this was prevented by a kind interposition of his father, who took the bride to England, where, on the 2d of Sep-

tember, 1765, she was wedded to the man of her choice."

His next adventure in the line of his profession was still more fruitful of results. Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, an excellent and acknowledged man of taste, and a liberal patronizer of the arts, was struck with the faithfulness of the design and the richness in the coloring of West's historical pictures. He invited him to dine with him; and while at the table took up Tacitus, and pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus as a grand subject for a historical painting. He caused his son to read the passage again, and again commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting upon the subject. The artist went home. It was then late, but so full was he of the subject he could not sleep. With the frenzy of excited genius, he dashed the conceptions of his mind from his pencil. Early next morning the Archbishop was both astonished and delighted at the presentation of a pencil-sketch of the subject. He immediately ordered it to be painted in full size. The completed picture so pleased him that he determined to secure for the young painter an audience with the King.

George III was then young and unincumbered with cares. Drummond told him that a devout American Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous to secure his talents to the throne and the country. The King listened with much interest, and said, "Let me see this young painter of yours with his Agrippina as soon as you please." The King, says Cunningham, received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to Her Majesty the story of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring. "There is another noble subject," observed His Majesty; "the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned to the Queen with a smile, and said: "The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself." So saying, he read the passage where the departure of Regulus is described, and then repeated the order for the painting. The friendship of the King for West, now commenced, was continued unabated over forty years.

"Regulus" was completed and displayed to the public at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1768. The execution of this com-

mission was so satisfactory to the King that it was immediately followed by another—"Hannibal making his son Hannibal swear implacable enmity to the Romans." In the mean time, Mr. West had finished "The Death of Wolfe," a picture which has become world-wide in its reputation. Connected with this, one of the greatest triumphs of its author in art was won. Hitherto the absurd habit had prevailed of arraying the *proprie personæ* of historical paintings in the costume of the ancient Greeks and Romans. West dismissed this pedantry in his "Death of Wolfe." The multitude acknowledged the excellence of the picture at once, but the lovers of old art complained of its barbarism. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs, purchased the work. The affair and its results are given by Galt, as drawn from the lips of West himself. "When it was understood that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called upon Reynolds and asked his opinion. They both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered, that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warrior that wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. But if, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I should lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the time, the place, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then, rising, said to Drummond: 'West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.' That was a noble concession. It honored alike the head and the heart of the first portrait painter of his age. When the King heard of it, he said: 'I wish I

had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture, but you shall make a copy for me." The triumph of West was complete. By one stroke of his pencil art was revolutionized. Henceforth historical paintings are to be a history and not a fiction.

Thomas Dibdin, in his autobiography, relates the following anecdote concerning this painting. Between Garrick and West there existed a warm friendship. When the latter was just commencing the work, Garrick called upon him, and offered to sit, or rather lie, for him, as the dying hero. At the same time he threw himself upon the floor, and began to die, as Mr. West related it, in so true, so dignified, and so affecting a manner that the painter interrupted him. "My dear Garrick," said he, "I am fully sensible of your kind intentions; but so far from the assistance you offer being likely to serve me, it would be the greatest injury." "Eh! eh!" said Garrick; "how? how?" "Why, my dear sir, if it were known, when I exhibited my picture, that you had done all this for me, whatever merit it might possess would be attributed to you."

We can not now refrain from another anecdote which also connects Garrick with this great picture. When it was exhibited "at the Royal Academy, Mr. Garrick went one morning early, that he might review the exhibition uninterrupted by the crowd, which constantly attended at the fashionable hours. A considerable party was in the room, drawn there, at that hour, by the same motive. Of this number was a young lady, whose personal beauty appeared not to be her only accomplishment. The remarks she made on many of the pictures showed a delicate taste and considerable knowledge of the arts. They were attended to with pleasure by her friends; and Mr. Garrick, then unknown to most of the company, paid some handsome compliments to her judgment. The 'Death of Wolfe' drew the highest encomiums from every spectator. The young lady was particular in her commendation, but thought the expression not absolutely perfect; there was a something wanting in the General's countenance, which she could not easily describe; there was in that countenance a languor too happily portrayed. The company were dissatisfied with this opinion, and her friends appeared concerned on her account. Garrick, who had listened attentively, and viewed the picture with acute penetration, begged leave to offer something in support of the lady's opinion, which he hoped to convince the company was not altogether erroneous. The lady, he observed, had remarked that there was something wanting in the General's countenance; of

that something he would endeavor to supply an idea. He immediately placed himself in the attitude so judiciously chosen by the painter, supported by two gentlemen of the company; and displayed, in his own face, the exact countenance depicted by the artist. He then assumed a most animated expression of that transient rapture which history records the dying hero to have felt at the joyful words, 'They run!' 'Who run?' 'The French!' He maintained the representation a sufficient length of time for every one present to compare and feel the astonishing effect of his inimitable performance. A burst of applause followed, which, he politely declared, was justly due to the discernment of the lady, who had suggested, perhaps, the only improvement of which that masterly work was susceptible."

We have seen the young artist in his boyhood; we have seen him ascending the ladder. How he deported himself in the sunshine of royal favor must be a future study.

#### A TRIP TO TRENTON FALLS.

BY MRS. LYDIA K. WELCH.

THIS New World abounds in glorious scenery and in railroads. Every person is, therefore, within a few hours of something in nature worthy a visit. Could the same views be transported across the ocean, and apostrophized by some modern Scott or Byron, people, who would not turn off the main road to enjoy them here, would pack up immediately and submit to all the inconveniences of seasickness, passports, custom-house officers, and unknown tongues for the sake of traveling among them. Many, who repeatedly pass over the New York Central Railroad, never think of stopping for a sail on one of our charming inland lakes, or a drive to some secluded haunt of beauty, but take a through ticket for all the dust and fatigue of a Summer-day's ride; dividing their time between eating, sleeping, and straining their eyes over a book. Sensible reader, we will be wiser, and from the East stop at Utica for Trenton Falls, fourteen miles north. On this Black River Railroad we shall get the worth of our money by riding longer than the Central Road time would allow for the same distance. As with most places that one goes to visit in the country, we are not there when we leave the cars. The stage must be brought into requisition. Here it carries us two and a half miles, and, as twilight approaches, leaves us at a fine hotel, embosomed in foliage. Since the evening is unfavorable for sight-seeing,



and we are in the pure country, where gas-burners never come to steal away the night, we may say *au revoir* to the noble trees which stand sentry here, and retire early to fortify ourselves well for the morrow.

Morning comes, and we strengthen our fortifications by a nice breakfast on salmon-trout, taken in the stream hard by, and sally forth. By a pleasant path through the grove, past the billiard-room and the swing, near which is a cordial invitation to swing and remember the barber as owner thereof, we soon reach the head of a stairway which evidently descends downward. Just half a dozen flights of steps bring us to the bed of the West Canada Creek, as this largest branch of the Mohawk is called. It would seem that the pale-faces, not content with depriving the poor red man of his hunting-grounds, banishing his canoe from the waters and him from the land, were determined to remove every vestige of a people often noble and always proud. What but malice could have induced men to exchange the significant, melodious *Konata, Amber Water*, or *Kanyahoor, Leaping Water*, for the tame, meaningless "West Canada Creek?" The Indian name is beautiful and appropriate, that of the civilized victor is neither. But we suppose that cascades, like beautiful women, may look as well with one name as another; so we will not stop to quarrel over names, as generals do over rank, but, ascertaining our true position, gather forces for a movement.

We are in a ravine from seventy to two hundred feet deep, with nearly perpendicular sides. Here, except in high water, is a broad platform beside the stream. The rocky cliffs look almost lovingly down, seeming to forget grandeur amid their ferns and flowers, as the stately monarch lays aside his courtly mien when his own children sport around him. Below we see the outlet of the chasm; above, the First Fall, which bids us "come up higher," with a voice not strong enough to command, but so sweet and clear that we delight to obey. We follow the narrow path on the western bank. If a firm foundation is any guarantee of security, surely there is no occasion for fear; we tread upon rock, rock is over our heads, and we cling to a chain riveted in the rock at our side. Still we almost tremble as we behold the anger of the waters beneath. It is a momentary shudder, for we discover that what was mistaken for rage is only the impatient haste of the stream to reach a quiet life. How many men, ay, and women, too, find here a symbol of their own irresistible longing for repose! From early years to past life's prime, they have been wearing themselves against the hard, sharp edges of the world; fall-

ing headlong, then rising for a fresh encounter, till, before the forces of nature are exhausted, they pant for a calm resting-place, whence they may look back to catch views up the stream where the strife has been, and forward to the "pure river of the water of life."

Passing on, we come to Sherman's Fall; named in honor of Rev. John Sherman, who was first to direct public attention to this lovely spot, and to render it easy of access. Although he blasted the rocks, he did not deal as roughly with a certain gentleman who was injured by falling on them. The Good Samaritan took the young man to his house, bound up his wounds, and took care of him. In keeping with the romantic in nature here, and in human nature every-where, the lover of the one became the accepted lover of the other, in the person of a daughter of his host, and at length succeeded to the proprietorship of the hotel. Mr. Moore has thus become an *attaché* of the place. He has enlarged the house and greatly increased the attractiveness of the grounds, as well as safety of those who would enjoy the enchanting scenes below. For the sake of such as are interested in this bit of romance, it may be well to say that there are still excellent opportunities for falling; that Mr. Moore imitates the hospitality of his worthy father-in-law, and—has daughters. Mr. Sherman's name is identified with Trenton, as that of his renowned grandfather with the Declaration of Independence. At the time of his ministry here, the town was called Olden-Barneveld; a name which indicates the Dutch origin of the people of this vicinity, and likewise recalls that old hero, John of Olden-Barneveld, who, with William the Silent and a host of kindred spirits, so nobly battled for civil freedom and religious toleration against the hated Philip II and his able coadjutors.

This by way of diversion, for which we shall hold Mr. Sherman accountable, and, as a forfeit, claim his own description of the fall that continually chants his name, and is, indeed, a nobler monument to his memory than that reared above his remains which, at his own request, are buried within sound of these waters. In 1827 he wrote: "It is difficult to give a description of the scenery here. A mass of naked rock, extending up one hundred and fifty feet to the summit of the bank, juts forward with a threatening aspect. The visitor ascends by natural steps to the throat of its yawning, and, like a son of Hercules, literally shoulders the mountain above. Here he stands free from the spray, in a direct line of the parapet wall, surveying at leisure the evergreens which cover, in contrast, the opposite bank with a rich foliage of the deepest verdure, and imme-

diately at his feet the operation of the cataract rushing down into the spacious excavation it has formed. Back of this thick, amber sheet the reaction of the water has worn away the rock to an exact circular curve eight or ten feet in diameter, which exhibits a furiously-boiling caldron of the very whitest foam. In the bosom of the excavation a fairy makes her appearance at a certain hour of sunshine, and dances through the mist, modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colors when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties. A few rods beyond this spot a thin shelf puts out from the mountain, under which it never rains, nor snows, nor shines." Here we listen to the music of the waters, and pause to smile on the baby fall that turns to salute us with unassuming grace and beauty, then walks over the side of rocky stepping-stones to clasp hands with a little brother; larger children join them, and together the joyous company run laughing down the stream.

Onward we pass a winding rapid, which madens at our approach and threatens to purloin our path. We cling more closely to the iron chain, and watch our feet over the wet, narrow pathway. Passing under a low, overhanging cliff, and around its base, we have reached the abode of peace. The stream seems eager to advance, but there is nothing to indicate the determined fury beyond. Wondering that all is so quiet, we circle another projection of the great rocky highland, and High Falls break upon the eye and ear. From the summit of a table of rock the river falls perpendicularly forty feet—on the right in a thin, transparent veil; on the left in a "thick, amber sheet." A projecting rock separates the delicate beauty of the one from the glorious strength of the other. They unite on a level below, then suddenly turn to leap in yellow and white foam over a terraced declivity of twenty feet to a final plunge of forty feet. The grand perpendicular rocks on the opposite shore receive the dashing spray on their bare feet, then clothe themselves in small shrubs striped with those of larger growth, and finally rise into majestic cedars nearly a hundred feet above the summit of the fall.

Now we look up the river, and, seeing no path, conclude that we must return, when up the sides of the mountain we espy a stairway, cut by the chisel of the Great Artist whose work we have come to enjoy. Ascending this, we climb rocky steps right along side the great fall; though our facility and grace contrast slightly with that of the water in its descent. The mist dashes in our face, and we hasten up a rugged way leading to the Rural Retreat—a little cottage built almost over the ravine, in a direct

line with the fall. Here we may rest on rustic seats, look down into the wondrous gorge and on the leaping waters, gather blue-bells on the shore, and purchase a drink or a trilobite. Thus invigorated, we resume our course. The chasm widens. A little distant is the Mill-Dam Fall—fourteen feet high, justifying its name both by its form and a ruined mill on the shore.

Yet onward and we enter the Alhambra. Not that grand old ruin of Moorish splendor, whose twelve gates, if not twelve pearls, inclosed a spot of such loveliness that the followers of Mohammed believed it to be directly underneath the paradise of their prophet. We read to-day of Granada's thousand and thirty towers, of its baths, fountains, oranges, and pomegranates, of the Alcazaba's defenses and the Alhambra's luxuriant beauty, with the same delirious, dreamy delight that fairy tales inspire in childhood. Quite unlike this magnificent triumph of art is the palace which Nature has built for the lovely Konata. Its dome is the sky, whose gildings are the gift of the king of day; its walls are palisades crowned with hemlocks; again, they are terraced rocks adorned with mosses, berries, and flowers, arbor-vitæ, too, which would excite Gail Hamilton's wonder yet more than did those she found growing in the "blackberry-patch." The mosaic floors of this palace are infinitely-varied forms of shells imbedded in the rock, and become one with it. The weird cascade of the Alhambra communicates its witchery to the dark, mirrored lakelet below. We do not marvel to find lovers on its banks. The river separates them; for obstacles are always necessary to a genuine courtship. The suitor woos in rocky armor embellished with emerald. His attendants are beautiful rills that sing and play their notes of love. The mountain maiden approaches gayly, then modestly retires till at length she meets the loved one under the water; thus revealing the depth of her affection. Above the cascade is the Rocky Heart, where wildness culminates. The channel narrows, and the river gives itself up to all manner of reckless and fantastic movements. It tosses foam hither and thither; throws up jewels to the sunlight, wears graceful curves in the rock, cuts fissures, digs wells, and, withal, imitates Niagara's roar.

And now, my patient companion, if you have enjoyed any of this ramble as reader, be assured that, as visitor, you will be infinitely delighted with the whole.

—○○○○—  
WHAT we wish to do we think we can do, but when we do not wish to do a thing it becomes impossible.

## A TALE OF GRIEF.\*

BY REV. H. H. MOORE.

"I WOULD go home," the soldier sighs—  
At thought of home tears filled his eyes;  
Home, home is sounding in his ear,  
And martial notes he can not hear;  
A voice within his bosom cried,  
At home there does some ill betide;  
And had that warning tone been given  
By some wing'd messenger from heaven,  
His thought of home, like flying dart,  
Could not have deeper pierced his heart.

A soldier's life was all his pride—  
To hush that voice he vainly tried;  
But still he heard it through the day—  
It mingled in the bugle's lay,  
It whispered in his dreams by night,  
And woke him ere the morning light;  
It found a tongue in every star,  
And night winds brought it from afar.

From home that gallant soldier went  
On Egypt's sands to pitch his tent;  
The mighty chief commanding then  
He worship'd as the first of men;  
And on the field stern duty's claim  
Was all that could his breast inflame;  
His martial pride awhile controlled  
His feelings of a gentler mold;  
But anxious thought the soldier wore  
Until he could endure no more.  
"Let me go home, sire, let me go,  
For home is now a scene of woe;  
Some oracle within my breast  
Will not allow me sleep or rest;  
Its voice, as echoed by the skies,  
Repeats my name, and pleading cries,  
'Brave Junot, come, nor dare to stay  
In foreign camps another day.'"

Ah, little did his chieftain know—  
And still less did his chieftain show—  
Of tenderness when strife was near,  
On which was borne his proud career;  
His suit, so little understood,  
He passed in light and smiling mood,  
And thought no more of that sad day  
Until long years had passed away.

The soldier to his tent retires,  
And nothing heeds but inward fires,  
Till duty calls him to his post,  
And he commands the charging host;  
Yet still when thundering o'er the plain,  
All dripping with the battle's stain,  
His heart was gnawed with secret care  
As if a vulture's beak was there.

Come to the soldier's hearth,  
And come with gentle tread,  
It is not now the place of mirth,  
But all is gloom and dread.  
A little bright-eyed boy  
Of scarce three Summers gone,

The only son and all the joy  
The father called his own,  
Is walking palace halls  
Heedless of all but one,  
Repeating oft in moaning calls,  
"When will my father come?"  
Playthings are laid aside—  
War steed and glitt'ring spear—  
His feathered cap, so much his pride,  
He can no longer bear;  
From food he turns away,  
And sleep has fled his eyes,  
And all the night and through the day  
"My father, father!" cries.

Within his mother's arms,  
And leaning on her breast,  
He scarcely knows her or her charms,  
Nor can she give him rest.  
She leads him through her bowers  
And round her gardens gay—  
He asks the birds and asks the flowers,  
"Where does my father stay?"  
His form is wan and weak,

There 's wildness in his air,  
The rose has faded on his cheek,  
And all is pallid there.  
One feeling may remain,  
One thought his breast inspire,  
And these are burning on his brain  
Like a consuming fire.  
Ah, see! what means that smile?  
It lightens all his brow;  
Some vision must his thoughts beguile—  
He sees his father now;

He lifts his little hands  
As if that form to clasp,  
But ah! it in the distance stands,  
And quite eludes his grasp.  
Then an unearthly moan  
Falls from his lips of clay—  
He mingled with his dying groan  
"Why do n't my father stay!"  
That little heart is crushed—

It yields to sorrow's stroke,  
The music of its strings is hushed,  
And every fiber 's broke.  
Come to the soldier's hearth,  
And come with solemn tread,  
It is not now the place of mirth,  
But of the silent dead.

The languid season passed away,  
And Junot sought his distant home;  
He left its inmates blithe and gay,  
But all their joys have found a tomb;  
And when he heard the rending tale,  
Which mortal tongue should not relate,  
His spirit sunk, his lip grew pale—  
It seemed his boy's must be his fate,

Years passed, and empires sunk and rose,  
Like fleeting bubbles on the waves,  
Till Junot's chieftain saw the woes  
Which made his countrymen as slaves.  
Ambition nerved his mighty hand,  
He grasped the shifting helm of state;

\* Napoleon: his Court and Family. By Madame Junot.  
Pp. 254-256.

The waves were hushed at his command,  
 And trembling nations owned him great.  
 The diadem is on his brow,  
 And splendor crowns the imperial court;  
 Princess and duke before him bow,  
 And sovereigns seek his firm support.  
 Within his palace halls at night  
 Had gathered chivalry and love,  
 A hundred lamps of dazzling light  
 Shine down from chandeliers above.  
 "Come hither, boy," a matron said  
 To Jamie as he flitted by;  
 She laid her hand upon his head  
 And wept that one like him should die.  
 Close to her breast she pressed the child—  
 "He is so like, O sire," she sighed,  
 "My brother's son, so sweet and mild,  
 Who grieved his absence till he died."  
 "A boy so young and die of grief!  
 That can not be," was in his glance;  
 "It quite surpasses my belief;  
 But tell me all this strange romance."  
 And while soft words and tears combined  
 To show that grief the boy had slain,  
 That "man of empire" brought to mind  
 That Junot's suit he did disdain.  
 The soldier rose before him there,  
 As when on Egypt's burning plain;  
 With mien so wild and full of care,  
 He plead to see his home again.  
 With quickened step he walks the room,  
 His hands upon his forehead press;  
 His brow is clouded o'er with gloom,  
 His bosom heaves with deep distress;  
 Although no son his love could share,  
 The proud man's feelings were not dead,  
 And in the blazing lamp-light's glare  
 'T was seen Napoleon tears could shed.

### SOMETHING TO LOVE.

BY E. ELIZABETH LAY.

SOMETHING to love! cries every human heart—  
 "Something to clasp affection's tendrils round;"  
 A second being, scarce a thing apart  
 From its own self-existence, sight, and sound,  
 And every feeling all congenial grown,  
 To love possessed, requited, and its own.

'T is this to love, to give unasked the sum  
 Of what the soul and spirit may possess  
 Without reserve for its own want to come—  
 Its one high purpose to enrich and bless.  
 O love, of priceless and exhaustless worth!  
 Why lavish all thy dowers on things of earth?  
 Unanswered and unrequited—alas!  
 Too oft thy wealth is wasted at a shrine  
 Where thy rich gifts soon from the memory pass  
 Of the cold bosom thou wouldst make divine.  
 Look up! there is where never hope, or pain,  
 Or tears, or tenderness are poured in vain.  
 'T is but of yesterday I read a name  
 In an old record that hath made me weep

And bow my head for love, and grief, and shame,  
 That memory, the false ingrate, thus should sleep.  
 'T was a familiar name, but still I heard  
 As 't were a foreign sound and stranger word.

'T was of a being in the Eastern land,  
 The wondrous land where erst Jehovah wrought  
 His signs and marvels with an outstretched hand,  
 And truths divine by seer and vision taught;  
 A priest in office and a prince was he—  
 No king so lofty in his proud degree.

A comely form and reverend mien he wore,  
 With each becoming and majestic grace;  
 Love vied with wisdom to adorn the more  
 Each beauteous feature of his heavenly face;  
 His brow was lofty and surpassing fair,  
 And round his shoulders waved his orient hair;

His speech was wisdom, and his lips were graced  
 With courteous kindness—admonition due;  
 But O, how terrible when justice placed  
 The sinner's guilt before his trembling view!  
 And then, so winning in his tenderness,  
 The heart's high sovereign must the world confess.

A wondrous man by kingly gifts adorned,  
 Yet with no regal scepter, robe, or crown;  
 O'er Salem's fallen glory oft he mourned,  
 But brought no laurels for her new renown;  
 He bore a mission from his throne on high  
 To love, to weep, to suffer, and to die.

'T was all accomplished, and, more wondrous still,  
 He lives again, yet never more confined  
 To a far shore which fancy's utmost skill  
 Alone can picture to the eager mind.  
 A spiritual presence dwells he where  
 The loving heart may wish him to be there.

Still asking love, O soul of ceaseless want!  
 Bring here thy treasures, and thou soon shalt prove  
 What meed of gladness such as he can grant;  
 How pay thee back exhaustless love for love?  
 Seek'st thou for beauty? thou shalt find thee then  
 Beauty excelling all the sons of men.

No longer restless, desolate, and lone,  
 Forever wandering in a hopeless quest,  
 Thou hast the sweetness of the vague unknown  
 Thou long hast sought—the mind's exalted rest:  
 Wisdom to reverence, beauty to adore,  
 All that the soul may crave forever more.

### LOVE ON—REPLY TO "LOVE NOT."

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

LOVE on, love on, ye favored sons of clay;  
 Freely ye have received, then freely give  
 The flowers of love; the more ye give away  
 The more the fairer in your souls will live—  
 Love on, love on.

Love whom ye will, profuse, ungrudging pour  
 Your fragrant treasures from their living urn,  
 Taking no thought to husband well your store,  
 Asking no guerdon, asking no return—  
 Love on, love on.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Sabiur!

**BENEFICENCE TRANSCENDENTLY IMPORTANT.**—"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." *Matthew xxv, 40.*

Jesus was no friend to indolence; his whole life was a protest against it, and a force to destroy it. His acts, and words, and spirit gave impulses to human activity, whose force has been accelerating to this hour. In the context he gives the true reason, the true rule, and the true inspiration of human activity.

1. *He gives the true reason.* What is the true reason? It is twofold. (1.) All our powers are "talents" given to be employed, and not to be wrapped in the "napkin" of indolence. (2.) The employment of these powers is, in the nature of the case, indispensable to our well-being—28, 29. Indolence wastes being; right actions increase it. It is the necessary law of the moral universe that minds rise by labor and sink by indolence.

2. *He gives the true rule.* To what extent are we to labor? What is the measure? "Every man according to his ability." One man can do more than another, and he is bound to do it. Obligation is commensurate with power; they terminate at the same point.

3. *He gives the true inspiration.* What is to be the primary, prompting impulse? Avarice, ambition, sensuality? These are impulses. No! Love—love for God and man. Love is the original spring of being—the spirit of the creation, the life of Jesus, the genius of Christianity, the soul of moral goodness, the atmosphere of heaven.

There are three things in the text which show the transcendent importance of this practical love, or beneficence.

I. **THE VAST SCOPE WHICH HEAVEN HAS MADE IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF SOCIETY FOR ITS OPERATION.** Jesus here refers to the gradations that exist in society. He speaks of the "least," implying that there are classes that rise higher. Were all alike there would be no sphere for practical benevolence. But in human society there is all but an endless variety. No two are alike. One has what the other has not, and what the other requires. And thus beneficence has ample scope. For example, 1. *There is the "least" in secular possessions.* Some are destitute, some are opulent. The rich have plenty of scope for their beneficence. 2. *There is the "least" in relation to intellectual power.* Some have much stronger minds than others—minds to seize a truth and compass it in all its relations. Here is scope for the beneficence of the intellectual. 3. *There is the "least" in relation to experience.* What a gradation in the experience of men—from a child to the aged sire!

Here is scope for the beneficence of the more experienced. Humanity rises by men imparting and transmitting their experience. 4. *There is the "least" in relation to religion.* Some are "babes" in Christ, some are "young men," some are "fathers." Here is scope for the beneficence of the mature saint among his brethren.

Are all these varieties in society accidental? No! They are ordained by God, and that for the purpose of affording ample scope for the practical display of love.

Another thing in the text which shows the transcendent importance of this beneficence is:

II. **THE ENDEARED CONNECTION OF THE LOWEST IN THE SOCIAL SCALE WITH CHRIST.** "These my brethren." His brethren are among the "hungry," the "stranger," the "naked," the "sick," the "imprisoned," the enslaved, the poorest of the poor, the most afflicted of the suffering. "He that receiveth you, receiveth me," etc. *Matt. x, 40.* "Why persecutest thou me?" said Christ to Saul of Tarsus.

There are two ways in which the connection of the "least" with Christ serves to show and stimulate the importance of this beneficence. 1. *It heightens our respect for man as man.* Man, stripped of all, destitute, oppressed, afflicted, is inestimably precious. He is the brother of Christ. Christ wears his nature, died in that nature, and for that nature. 2. *It indicates the way of practically expressing our gratitude to Christ.* How shall we best show our love to Christ? Not by repetitions of creed, formal prayers, hymn-singing, etc.; but by kindness to his disciples. "Ye did it unto me."

Another thing in the text which shows the transcendent importance of this beneficence is:

III. **THE DECISIVE INFLUENCE IT HAS IN DETERMINING THE DESTINIES OF ETERNITY.** Here the curtain of eternity is drawn, and the dread transactions of the judgment revealed. Men are divided into two great sections. On what principle does the decision take place? On any difference in physical structure? in intellectual power? in mental attainments? in secular position? No! The principle is *beneficence*. Some were kind and some were not.

Why should this principle be so fundamental—have such stupendous influence? 1. *Because without it there is no conformity to God.* "He that loveth not, knoweth not God;" it is the root of moral excellence. Knowledge is nothing without love. 2. *Because without it there is no fitness for heaven.* All there is love. God is love, and all love in him. 3. *Because without it there is not, in the nature of the case, any possibility of happiness.* Love is the sun of the soul.

Well might the apostle, then, say, "Without charity I am nothing"—nothing in relation to nature, providence, God. This is the life of the heart. There is a great difference between the brute and man—between the savage and Milton, but greater between the man that has this love and he who has it not.

POSTURE OF OUR LORD DURING HIS PRAYER IN THE GARDEN.—"And kneeled down." Luke xxii, 41. "And fell on the ground." Mark xiv, 35. "And fell on his face." Matt. xxvi, 39.

The common attitude of worshipers in the East is kneeling, with the upper part of the body now erect, and then thrown forward, so as to bring the head in contact with the earth; they alternate between the one posture and the other. In this case, it will be observed, the worshiper remains on his knees, even when he bends forward, with his face to the ground or the floor. It is remarkable that three of the evangelists, in speaking of the posture of the Savior during his prayer in the garden, use three different expressions. Luke says—xxii, 41—that our Lord kneeled down; Mark—xiv, 25—that he fell upon the earth; and Matthew—xxvi, 39—that he fell upon his face.

In regard to the last two writers the variation seems to be only verbal; but how are they consistent with Luke? It is quite possible that their different expressions refer to different parts of the same act. The Savior, habituated to the customary forms of worship, may have bowed his knees, and, without changing that position, may also have stooped forward and inclined his face to the earth. This explanation conciliates entirely the evangelists with each other, and accords with the manner in which prayer is still offered. In Genesis xvii, 3, it is said that Abraham, as he worshiped God, "fell upon his face" before him. This may have been a similar act, including the kneeling, as well as the prostration, though the latter only is mentioned. Another view is, which appears less simple, that our Lord kneeled down at first, and then afterward, as he became more earnest in his supplications, changed his posture, and lay prostrate on the earth.

THE MILLSTONES.—"Take the millstones and grind meal." Isa. xlvii, 2.

In the court of one of the houses at Jenin, on the border of the plain of Esdraelon, says Prof. Hackett, I saw two young women sitting on the ground engaged in this mode of grinding. The mill consisted of two stones, the upper one circular, the lower one partly so, with a projection on one side, two or three inches long, slanting downward, and scooped out so as to carry off the meal. The lower stone had an iron pivot—I think it was—extending from its center through a hole in the center of the upper stone. An upright handle was fixed in a socket near the edge of the upper stone, and both the women, taking hold of this handle, whirled the stone round and round with great rapidity. One of them every now and then dropped a handful of grain into the hole at the center of the upper stone. Perceiving my curiosity, they stopped the motion of the mill, and, taking off the upper stone from the lower, afforded me a view of the inside. I found that the surface of the stones where they came in contact was very rough, marked with indentations for the purpose of crushing the grain.

THE GRINDERS.—"Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." Matt. xxiv, 41.

The labor of grinding at such mills is still performed for the most part by females, as is implied in the Savior's declaration: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." It was impossible to look at two females, says Prof. Hackett, sitting by the side of each other, and engaged in the same occupation, without feeling how forcibly that language must have conveyed to Christ's hearers the intended idea of the suddenness of the destruction which was about to burst on Judea, and of the difficulty and uncertainty, in the case of each individual, of his effecting his escape from it. Thus also death breaks in upon life.

The time of grinding is regulated by the wants of the family; hence, though it may occur at other times, it takes place usually at early dawn, in preparation for the morning meal, and, for a similar reason, at the close of the day.

THE SONG OF THE GRINDERS.—"Moreover I will take from them the voice of mirth, . . . the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle." Jer. xxv, 10.

The operation of grinding is attended not only with the noise occasioned by the grating of the stones, but often by that of the singing, or, as we might call it quite as properly, the shrieking of the women who grind. Various travelers testify to the fact of its being common for them to accompany their occupation with a song. Hence, as the recurrence of the noise of the hand mill at the proper hours is one of the characteristics of an inhabited, flourishing village; so, on the contrary, the cessation of this noise is mentioned in the Scriptures as one of the things which mark most impressively the solitude of a place given up to desertion and ruin. Thus, in Jeremiah xxv, 10, 11, God threatens to take from the Jews

"The voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness,  
The voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride,  
The sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle;  
And the whole land shall be a desolation and an astonishment."

The writer of the Apocalypse—xviii, 22—announces the fall of the mystical Babylon in similar terms: "The voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers and trumpeters, shall be heard no more in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee."

THE MILLSTONE ABOUT THE NECK.—"It were better for a man that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." Mark ix, 42.

The common millstone rarely exceeds two feet in diameter, and hence its size fitted it to be used as an instrument of punishment. It was sometimes fastened to the necks of criminals who were to be drowned. To this use of it the passage—Mark ix, 42—alludes, which says: Sooner than "offend one of these little ones, it were better for a man that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." See also Matthew xviii, 6; and Luke xvii, 2. It is said that this mode of execution has not become obsolete in the East.

## Fairs and Fairs.

**NAAMAN IN THE HOUSE OF RIMMON.**—Your correspondent, M. K., wishes to know whether the rendering of 2 Kings v, 18, in the past tense as given by Wesley, Lightfoot, and he might have added Benson and others, is correct. The following is a literal translation: "In respect to this thing [affair or matter] the Lord pardon thy servant: in the going of my master into the house of Rimmon for worshipping there, and he leaned on my hand, and I bowed myself [in] the house of Rimmon; in my bowing myself [in] the house of Rimmon; the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." It will be seen from the foregoing translation that the act of leaning on the part of the master, and also the bowing of Naaman, are both represented as *past*, while the act of *going into the house* is in the present tense. Nordheimer says: "The infinitive is frequently employed to indicate the *epoch* in which the action predicated by the finite verb takes place. It thus appears, 1. with the preposition *Beth*, *in*, *at*, denoting time *when*; *e. g.*, *in their being created*, *i. e.*, when they were created. Genesis ii, 4. See also Judges xiii, 20: *In the mounting up of the flame*, *i. e.*, when the flame mounted up; 1 Samuel, xxiii, 6: *In the flying of Abiathar*, *i. e.*, when Abiathar fled. Probably our translators were misled by the fact that the act of going into the house of Rimmon is represented by the present tense, as if Naaman had meant, "when my master shall go." And as there are only two absolute designations of time in Hebrew—the past and the future—and as the past tense is often used in reference to events both present and future, we need not wonder that the translators made a mistake. The profound impression made upon the mind of Naaman by his wonderful cure can hardly be supposed consistent with a wish to stipulate for the privilege of sinning with impunity. He now saw for the *first* time that he had been guilty of bowing himself to a false god, and in so doing had sinned against the God of Israel. His conscience was aroused, and hence his earnest prayer—"The Lord pardon thy servant in this thing."

K. HADLEY.

**ANCIENT ROMAN ATTIRE.**—The question, "Did the Romans wear drawers?" is said to be settled through the finding of a man in Pompeii with a pair of drawers on, which he evidently had n't time to get off when he retired on the last night of Pompeii, after having seen the first exhibition of Vesuvius's fire-works. The Romans did wear drawers of some kind, as appears from what is said by Madame de Barrera. That clever lady, in her agreeable work on Gems, etc., says: "The very garters of the Roman ladies were splendid trinkets, on which gold, silver, and precious stones were prodigally employed. Sabina the younger possessed a pair of garters valued at nearly £40,000, on account of the rich cameos that clasped them. The patrician dames, in their mad endeavors to rival each other in this species of ornament, spent a large portion of their fortunes. The garters of those days were

not used to fasten stockings with—the Romans having no stockings—but a kind of *drawers* of linen. Sometimes the garter was worn on the naked leg, as bracelets are worn on the arm." The lady Sabina, when wearing her cameo-clasped garters, was ahead of Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg, for she had a pair of 'em.

**NATIONAL NICKNAMES.**—The inhabitants of Maine are called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Massachusetts, Bay-Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Rhode Island, Gun-Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Leather Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers; Virginia, Beagles; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; South Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Creoles; Alabama, Lizards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Michigan, Wolverines; Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Cases.

**THE NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.**—According to Pliny' fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians, and when Euxodus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them they were absolutely in raptures. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponius Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had but just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the descent of Magellan in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that was fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, some nations in this deplorable state.

**A MATHEMATICAL PARADOX, OR ONE EQUAL TO TWO.**—A correspondent sends us the following, which has, in substance at least, appeared before, but it will bear repeating. Will any of our readers detect the fallacy in the solution:

Let  $a = x$  by supposition  
 $ax = x^2$  by multiplying by  $x$   
 $a^2x - a^2 = x^2 - a^2$  by subtracting  $a^2$   
 $a = x - a$  by dividing by  $x - a$   
 $a = a + a$  by construction  
 $a = 2a$  by addition  
 $1 = 2$  by dividing by  $a$ .

Is not the work all right?

F. A. N.

**QUERY.**—How does New York city get the nickname of Gotham?

## Difficult for Children.

### THE WINTER MANSION.

BY MRS. H. M'CONAUGHTY.

"Come, Le Roy, let us stop to-night and get tickets for the lecture. We do n't get such a chance every day, and it will do us all good. I love to have my soul stirred up by such eloquence. It takes one out of this humdrum track we are apt to fall into, and gives our minds food to think over for weeks to come. I am going to take Mary and Edward, and you should bring your wife and daughter. Ellen is quite old enough to appreciate it."

"I can't think of wasting my money so, Roberts. It would cost seventy-five cents. Besides, I have some papers to look over, and I dare say my wife will be patching away at something till ten or eleven o'clock. My wife is an economical woman, Roberts, or I do not know how I should ever hope to get on in the world. If she was like some women, always running about and spending money, I should be in despair. Still, I hope I should have sense enough to put a stop to it."

"Well, Le Roy, what is all this rubbing, and pinching, and saving for? What does it all amount to? You have income enough to live comfortably, support your family handsomely, educate your children well, and fit them for respectable, intelligent citizens. What in the world makes you so keen for money now? You were the last fellow I ever expected to see take this turn, when we used to go chestnutting and fishing together down there at the old mills."

"Dear me, if I could only get back the time I wasted those years and turn it to some good account! The fact is, Edward Roberts, I am bound to be a rich man. You will see me yet with a splendid house and rich furniture, and every thing fine about me, and then we'll see who enjoys life the most. I believe you would be content to live in that cottage you have bought all your days."

"I only hope I may be able to live and die there. I am aiming at nothing else. It is tasteful, convenient, and in a good location. We are all the time improving the grounds, and it will be a perfect birdnest among the trees long before you build your grand mansion for the Winter of your days. I believe in a sweet home for the Spring and Summer-time of life, as well as the short Winter which we know must be the last season. But when do you expect to lay the foundation of your palace, Le Roy?"

"Well, I can't tell that, Ned. It looks a long ways ahead. But we are saving every penny we can toward it. My wife used to have some such notions as you do, but I reasoned her out of them."

A very comfortable way of reasoning some men have with their wives. They assert a thing with considerable energy, and their wives are convinced.

"Children are harder to convince than the mother sometimes," continued Le Roy, "but when I tell mine they can't have a thing that ends the matter. They'll see the worth of my economy some time."

"Well, Le Roy, we must go our two ways. I think it poor philosophy to spend nearly all my days in privation that I may have luxury about me for the few last ones. By the time you move into your fine house age and your excessive work, with no recreation, will have stiffened your joints, disordered and worn out your frame, so you can take little comfort in all you possess. Besides, you will all the time hear a little warning bell strike on your ear, telling you that very quick the train starts off for its last journey. Then where shall these things be which you have taken so much pains to gather around you? When you are old you can not enjoy any thing much, and you certainly can enjoy nothing long. If your mind and heart are not cultivated,

you will be behind the times, and unloved and unsought for, a burden instead of a blessing to those around you.

"Do throw aside this miserable pinching system you have adopted, and wisely enjoy the good things God gives, as you go along, just as he intended that you should. Here I must run in and get my tickets; won't you come too? It will be a step in the right direction."

"I guess to-night, Roberts, I can hardly spend the time," and the two old friends parted.

You may easily imagine the two homes that awaited the two fathers. One was bright and even elegant, and smiling faces and outreaching hands welcomed his return.

The other wore the dingy, faded look which old second-hand furniture always has. The worn, wearied mother could scarcely feel patient and look cheerful with the burden of work which fell to her share, and Ellen, who was her mother's only help, looked dull and peevish as an over-worked child always does. The coarse supper was soon dispatched, and then the lesser children were quickly hustled off to bed. Then mother and Ellen sat down to the basket of mending.

"This old suit of Georgie's is really too bad to mend," said the mother. "The poor child is ashamed to go to school, the other children laugh at his clothes so."

"Never mind that, tell Georgie. He shall ride in his carriage some day while they go afoot." Small comfort indeed to a sensitive child, smarting under the keen lash of ridicule.

"But indeed I must get him a new suit, Mr. Le Roy, and Sally a dress, too, or I shall be obliged to keep them in the house all the time."

"It is always money, money, in this house, Mrs. Le Roy, for one folly or another. You would value it a little more if you had to provide it, as I do. Such quantities of clothes as those children have in the course of a year! Why, plenty of smart women cut over old clothes for their children and hardly buy a thing. If you could only learn to economize a little, Mrs. Le Roy, we might hope to get on in the world and save something. I am sure I slave hard enough to. It is only fair that I should have some help to bear the burden," and he took up the paper again with quite an injured air. His wife was convinced. He had "reasoned her out of her notions."

A few years more had come and gone, and she lay there in her coffin—the busy hands, which never were allowed rest, folded quietly forever. And as he stood and gazed there in astonishment, which almost stunned his senses, there came a scorpion sting to lash his soul. It came, too, from the lips of the sensitive boy, whose whole soul had been wound around his mother's heart, and now, when he was growing to manhood and hoped soon to provide for her comfort, she was torn from him.

"Your avarice has done this!" he said with bitterness as he gazed on the placid face. "You have seen her overworked, and sick, and suffering, yet you refused to supply the help she needed. You saw her toiling late into the night to keep us from rags, and only wondered she did not do more. You denied her the comforts she needed, even in sickness, to raise her up. You refused to consult a skillful physician because of the expense. You are my mother's murderer! When she is taken out from under this roof I will never come under it again."

Alas, his children never arose up to call him blessed; for his life had been no blessing to them!

The "new house" was never spoken of now. The great object of life was to heap up money. When one begins to feed the passion of avarice there is no limit. Every added dollar is so much fuel to the flame. Comforts grew less and less in the old house, and the children were glad to leave it when they became of age. The old man's last days were



spent alone. Ellen came once a week to see that her father was not starving, and though he never failed to rebuke her wastefulness, he took the portion she brought him and husbanded it with the greatest care, if it was not something that could be turned into money, which she soon learned it was no use to bring him.

One gusty night the old house caught fire and burned to the ground. In his frantic efforts to save his treasure he perished himself, and only a fraction of his hoards was saved. Surely it was "riches kept for the owner thereof to his own hurt."

"It is good and comely for man to eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun, all the days of his life that God giveth him; for it is his portion."

### THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was past ten o'clock at night, and yet the lamp was burning brightly in Mrs. Mayfield's house, and the whole family were busily at work; the children bringing various articles from every part of the house, while their mother carefully packed them in a box. That evening a sick soldier, who had been at home for some time, called in to tell Mrs. Mayfield that he should go back to the army early the next morning, and would take a box of things to her husband, who had been for a year away from his dear home. So every one of the children wanted to put something in, and they had all found something that they thought would please and comfort that dear father; all but little Kitty, the youngest, and the pet of all.

"I guess my papa 'll most cry," said she, sorrowfully, as she watched her mother, "when he can't find any thing from Kitty, but I 've only got my dolly, and my candy bird, and my little red book. Papa would n't want those."

"Bring your little red book to me, Kitty," said her mother; "I think papa would like to have it."

"Would he?" said Kitty, greatly comforted, and in a moment the little red book was added to the pile of things upon the table. Now, this little book was only the alphabet in rhyme, but it was the only book Kitty had ever owned, and she prized it dearly; so the wise mother knew that the loving father would cherish it as the gift of his baby at home, for Kitty was only three years old. Maggie, the oldest child, sat by the little stand writing a letter to her father, stopping sometimes to wipe away the tears that kept dropping on the paper.

"Write something in my book, Maggie," said Kitty.

"Well, what shall I write?" asked Maggie, looking up and smiling at her little sister.

"I 'll make up something and then I 'll tell you," said little Kitty gravely; and she folded up her plump, white arms and looked very thoughtful. After a while she carried the book to Maggie and said,

"Write, 'For my dear, darling papa; from his little Kitty, that prays for him every day.'"

So Maggie wrote it in the book, and then her mother took a little photograph of Kitty and fastened it inside the cover, and the letter was finished, and the box packed, and all sent away more than a thousand miles, to find the dear soldier they all loved so much.

But it never did find him, for it was lost from a baggage wagon one dark, stormy night, when it was almost at its journey's end. When at last a letter from Mr. Mayfield brought the news of the loss of the box, there was great disappointment among the loving hearts that had planned so many pleasant little things for the absent one, and little Kitty mourned sadly over the loss of her dear little book. The box was never heard from, but months afterward the little book and Maggie's letter found their way to the right owner, and this was how it happened. Mr. Mayfield was a surgeon, and one day, about six months after the box was lost, a poor sick soldier was brought to the hospital where he was stationed.

He was a very young soldier, not more than seventeen years old, and the Doctor and the nurses pitied him very much when they saw that he must soon die, away from all the friends who loved him. Often when Dr. Mayfield passed his bed he saw him reading over a letter that was almost worn out with handling, or looking at a little soiled book, and one day, when the poor boy was asleep, he found them lying on the pillow beside him. He took up the little book and opened it, and how shall I tell you how surprised he was to find inside of the cover the picture of his own little girl, and to read what Maggie had written—"For my dear, darling papa; from his little Kitty, who prays for him every day." The tears ran down his face as he read it, and thought of the loving little heart that sent the book and the message.

"Where did you get this?" he asked as the soldier boy opened his eyes.

"O, Doctor! Is it yours?" he said eagerly; "do n't take it away from me—I sha' n't live long, and you can have it when I am dead," and he reached out both hands for it.

"You shall keep it," said Dr. Mayfield, sitting down by the bed, "only tell me all about it."

"I found it by the roadside several months ago," said the soldier, "as our company was camping down for the night on the way to G. There was no name on it, but this letter was in it," and he handed Maggie's tattered letter to her father.

The Doctor was trying to read it when the soldier said, "You can't read it, it's so worn out, but I know it all by heart," and he took the torn paper and read or repeated the whole—every loving message, and all about the dear ones at home.

"My mother died just after I enlisted," said the soldier, "and I had nobody left to write me such letters as this; but I 've read this every day since I found it, till you see I 've worn it out, and it has kept me from a great deal of evil. You know how we boys are tempted in camp to drink, and to gamble, and swear. I was taught better, but I was fast forgetting my mother's counsels. But when I looked at the picture of that little child, and read her message to her father, I remembered my own little sisters at home, and thought that they were praying for me every day too. I can only live a few days, I suppose, and I think God will let me come up where my mother is, but I would like to have some one tell little Kitty that, if I had not found her little book and Maggie's letter, I am afraid I should never have seen my dear mother again."

That night the poor soldier boy died, and then Dr. Mayfield took the precious little book and letter from under his pillow and laid them carefully away; and then he wrote to the loved ones at home and told them the story of Kitty's little red book, and how it was brought about that by such a little thing a precious soul should be brought home to the Father's house in heaven.

**PUZZLES FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.**—To fill out a corner, and to try the ingenuity of our young readers, we give a few puzzles:

**Riddle.**—I went into a wood and got it, I sat down to look for it and could not find it, and so I brought it home with me.

**Charade.**—My first is a contraction for society; my second denotes a recluse; my third forms part of the ear; and my whole is but a quibble.

**Rebus.**—

If what's noted for hardness you rightly transpose,  
What's famous for lightness you 'll surely disclose.

**Anagram.**—Into my arm.

**Conundrum.**—When is a clock guilty of a misdemeanor?

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY.**—The following answers have been found out by quite a number of our ingenious young friends. Riddles—No. 1. Spurs. No. 2. Eclipse. No. 3. Ten—Net. Charades—No. 1. A-corn. No. 2. Name-less.

## Hugrider's Cleanings.

**FIENDISH BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS.**—We were shocked at the barbarities of the Sepoys. Read the following, authenticated by Col. Crawford and furnished to the editor of the Memphis Bulletin. Can it fail to make the blood boil? God of mercy, hasten the uprooting of the system that so barbarizes humanity in the very midst of the teachings of Christianity! What ought to be the fate of such a fiend incarnate as this Col. Keith? These are "the erring brethren of the South" that traitors in the North would have us invite to our arms! And then, alas! this is only a single instance out, it may be, of tens of thousands:

In the month of January, 1863, at Laurel, North Carolina, near the Tennessee border, all the salt was seized for distribution by Confederate Commissioners. Salt was selling at \$75 to \$100 per sack. The Commissioners declared that the "tories should have none," and positively refused to give Union men their portion of the quantity to be distributed in that vicinity. This palpable injustice roused the Union men; they assembled together and determined to seize their proportion of the salt by force. They did so, taking at Marshall, North Carolina, what they declared to be their just share. Immediately afterward the 65th North Carolina Regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. James Keith, was ordered to Laurel to arrest the offenders. Among those arrested were Joseph Wood, about sixty years of age; David Shelton, sixty; James Shelton, fifty; Roddy Shelton, forty-five; Elison King, forty; Haleq Moore, forty; Wade Moore, thirty-five; Isalah Shelton, fifteen; Wm. Shelton, twelve; James Metcalf, ten; Jasper Channel, fourteen; Samuel Shelton, nineteen, and his brother, aged seventeen, sons of Litus Shelton—in all thirteen men and boys. Nearly all of them declared they were innocent, and had taken no part in appropriating the salt. They begged for a trial, asserting that they could prove their innocence. Col. Allen, who was with his troops, told them they should have a trial, but they would be taken to Tennessee for that purpose. They bid farewell to their wives, daughters, and sisters, directing them to procure the witnesses and bring them to the court in Tennessee, where they supposed their trial would take place. Alas! how little they dreamed what a fate awaited them!

The poor fellows had proceeded but a few miles, when they were turned from the road into a gorge in the mountain and halted. Without any warning of what was to be done with them, five of them were ordered to kneel down. Ten paces in front of those five, a file of soldiers were placed with loaded muskets. The terrible reality flashed upon the minds of the doomed patriots. Wood—sixty years of age—cried out, "For God's sake, men, you are not going to shoot us! If you are going to murder us, give us at least time to pray." Colonel Allen was reminded of his promise to give them a trial. They were informed that Allen had no authority, that Keith was in command, and that there was no time for praying. The order was given to fire; the old men and boys put their hands to their faces and rent the air with agonising cries of despair; the soldiers wavered and hesitated to obey the command. Keith said if they did not fire instantly, he would make them change places with the prisoners. The soldiers raised their guns, the victims shuddered convulsively, the word was given to fire, and the five men fell pierced with rebel bullets. Wood and Shelton were shot in the head, their brains scattered upon the ground, and they died without a struggle. The other three lived only a few minutes.

Five others were ordered to kneel, among them little Billy Shelton, a mere child, only twelve years old. He implored the men not to shoot him in the face. "You have killed my father and brothers," said he, "you have shot my father in

the face; do not shoot me in the face." He covered his face with his hands. The soldiers received the order to fire, and five more fell. Poor little Billy was wounded in both arms. He ran to an officer, clasped him around the legs, and besought him to spare his life. "You have killed my old father and my three brothers; you have shot me in both arms—I forgive you for all this—I can get well. Let me go home to my mother and sisters." What a heart of adamant the man must have who could disregard such an appeal! The little boy was dragged back to the place of execution; again the terrible word "fire!" was given, and he fell dead, eight balls having entered his body. The remaining three were murdered in the same manner. Those in whom life was not entirely extinct the heartless officers dispatched with their pistols.

**SAVING THE UNION AND SLAVERY.**—The old man said to his sons, "Get rich; honestly if you can; but get rich." So we still have some among us crying, "Save slavery; with the Union as it was, if you can; but save slavery." There are even yet men so stultified that they deem the right of a master to his slave the most sacred of all rights, and the system itself the most noble if not the most sacred of all systems. Here is an incident from a correspondent upon one of our boats on the Red River. It illustrates the character of "the institution."

There are on board four refugees from "Dr. Jeems Metcalf's" plantation, Adams county, Mississippi. Among them is Marshall Bates, a nearly white man of thirty-five. He says he was the son of his old master, Daniel Bates, of Clay county, Kentucky. His master was shot by a brother-in-law, on account of some family difficulty, and the mistress, not liking his near resemblance to her husband, soon sold him to a Mississippi trader. Marshall fell into the hands of Dr. Metcalf, of Bourbon plantation, and though a man of much spirit, who has often taken his own part when unjustly attacked or punished, he has seen as well as suffered much during his life of bondage.

On the Bourbon place there was a slave named Dennis, a bricklayer, about thirty-five years of age, who had been bought in North Carolina. Less than two years ago, when every body was talking about the war, Dennis was overheard by some white man to express the wish that they would hurry up the war and bring the time of freedom to the slave. This having been reported to Dr. Metcalf, he ordered Dennis to be whipped to death. The Doctor has two sons, Charles and Henry. Charles, who was then about twenty-two years of age, was ordered to inflict the punishment.

Dennis was brought out at night and stretched upon the ground naked, and some five or six slaves were ordered to hold him down. Charles then began to ply the lash, cutting the flesh from his heels to his head on the back side. After exhausting himself, he would compel the negro overseer to continue the infliction. After striking him about a thousand lashes, the torture was postponed for the next night, the negro being left a mass of excoriated, bleeding flesh. The next night the punishment was resumed, Marshall, with his fellow-slaves, being called to hold the victim as before. The slave was turned first on his back, then on his face, and the heavy leather thong applied over all parts of the body. Occasionally Charles would strike him over the head with the loaded end of the whip, or kick him in the sides or stomach with his boots. This was continued, says Marshall, till "my face, hands, and clothing were bespattered with the blood and flesh of Dennis." He held his hands. Finally, an unintentional blow across the throat, while the man was

almost in his last gasp, finished the horrible scene. Dennis gave up the ghost under the lash.

The body was then weighted with a heavy piece of iron and thrown into the river. Afterward the roll of all the slaves who had witnessed the murder was called, and Charles threatened that if any one of them should ever mention what had been done, or if he should even hear of it, he would trace out the one that told it and serve him the same way. Charles is now holding a lieutenant's commission in the rebel army somewhere in Virginia. He left in a cavalry regiment. Hunting and tearing to pieces with blood-hounds, and other forms of murder, have been witnessed by many of these escaped slaves, or they have been cognizant of them.

**THE TIGER UNCHAINED IN NEW YORK CITY.**—"Do n't unchain the tiger," said one complicated in the French Revolution. Yet the tiger was unchained in France. The copperheads of New York—the Seymours, the Woods, and their kindred, high and low in crime—have tried the experiment of unchaining the tiger in that city. The scene of horror enacted is one of the darkest chapters in our history. But it will not be without its compensating influence. The New York Intelligencer, speaking of "the reign of terror," says:

Such a fearful week as the past we hope never again to see. It will be a week long to be remembered, rivaling in scenes of horror the darkest days of the French Revolution. The vilest passions of the human heart had for a while unlimited sway, and murder, arson, treason, theft, and other crimes were committed. The life of no man, woman, or child was safe, for none knew where the next blow would be struck by the infuriated mob. The arm of the law was paralyzed. But the crisis has been passed. Law and order have triumphed. Our city is now quiet. Confidence is restored. The peaceful pursuits of industry have been resumed. The general feeling is, that the monster mob is effectually crushed, and will not dare again to lift up its head. No further outbreak is anticipated, as the civil authorities are fully prepared for any emergency. It is said that no evil or calamity is without its compensations. It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that the taste the public have just had of mob rule and anarchy, will give them a better appreciation of the blessings of law and good government, and quicken the pulse of their patriotism.

**EMBODIED JOKES; OR, AN ELEMENT OF THE LUDICROUS IN NATURE.**—The author of "Eyes and Ears" makes a happy grouping of the jokes perpetrated by that staid personage—Nature. They make us feel that philosophy, without laughing, can never be complete:

Has not nature an element of the ludicrous in it? Are there no creations which may be regarded as mere quizzical oddities? What else can you make of the world-renowned Jack? Can any man look into his face without an irresistible temptation to laughter? Was there any thing more expressly made to be grotesque than a toad? What thing, of all the barbarous inventions in Chinese pictures, can surpass it in ridiculousness? Did you ever attentively study toad life and manners? You might do worse. At evening, when they begin to feel the inspiration of an evening entertainment, their squat forms and ungainly movements, the very decorous and earnest sobriety with which they carry themselves, the peculiar wink with which they seem to intimate to you that they are keeping up a good deal more thinking inside than you might suppose, their imperturbable and unexcitable passivity produce a comical result hardly equaled by any clown.

The bat is another jest in natural history. Its flight is the only redeeming feature of its ungracious form and manner. Even that has a capriciousness in it that savors of gamboing. Its voice is a squeak, its mouth a burlesque upon humanity. The monkey has been set apart for ridiculousness the world over. He is an organized sarcasm upon the human race, with variations multitudinous. But among insects, and among beetles especially, are found forms so

singular, and manners so queer, that we never pass them without stopping to look; and we never look without a sense of the ridiculous.

But who ever saw, on land or in water, a crab, or a lobster, without being struck with their comicality? If these things address themselves to a feeling of the ludicrous in our minds, is it extravagant to suppose that they sprang from some such thought in the Creative Mind? It seems no more strange that God should create objects for mirth in the world, than that he should have placed the faculty of mirthfulness in the human mind. Is any faculty without provision for its enjoyment? Is it not rather to be supposed that, both in the vegetable and in the animal kingdom, there are forms and processes which will never be fully appreciated till their relation to the feeling of mirth is recognized? We do not know that laughing philosophers are desirable, but philosophers who do not know how to laugh, are still less likely to be complete.

**"THE SMALL, SWEET COURTESIES OF LIFE."**—The late William Wirt, in a letter to his daughter, says:

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small, sweet courtesies of life—those courtesies in which there is no parade"—whose voice is too still to tease and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of women. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas-tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison, which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her that displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without a hope which constitutes a parent's highest happiness.

**RATHER PATIENT UNDER PROVOCATION.**—Many a good Samaritan's experience will furnish a counterpart to the experience of the good Scotch divine:

The parish of Cloon, in the kingdom of Fife, had for a minister Mr. Trenchard, a good man, remarkable for his benevolent disposition. Meeting one of his parishioners one day he said:

"My Jeanie, what way div I never see you in the kirk?"

"Weel, sir," said Jeanie, "to be plain wi' ye, I hae na a pair o' shoon to gang wi'."

"A pair o' shoon, Jeanie! I munna let ye stay at hame for that; what would a pair cost?"

"About four shillings, sir."

Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave Jeanie the money and went his way. Some time after meeting her again he said, "Dear me, Jeanie, I've never seen ye in the kirk yet; what way is that?"

"Weel, sir," says Jeanie, "to be plain wi' ye, when the weather's gude, and me has time, I prefer gaun to Dumfries to hear Mr. Galliespie."

"O yes, Jeanie, lass, that 's the way o'd, is it? You might hae gi'en me the first day o' the shoon, any way."

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**METHODIST DIVINES DOCTORATED.**—The following ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church have received the degree of Doctor of Divinity this year: Enoch G. Wood, South-Eastern Indiana Conference, and Oliver M. Spencer, President of Iowa State University, from Iowa Wesleyan University; T. Upham, Providence Conference, from Indiana Asbury University; Luke Hitchcock, Book Agent, Cincinnati, from Cornell College, Iowa; Jonathan Stamper, Illinois Conference, and Philander Smith, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada, from Illinois Wesleyan University; John P. Newman, New York Conference, from Rochester University; D. L. Dempsey, Pittsburg Conference, and George W. Clarke, Erie Conference, from Mount Union College, O.; S. W. Coggeshall, Providence Conference, Jefferson Hascall, New England Conference, and Alexander Martin, Professor in Alleghany College, from Ohio Wesleyan University; Edward G. Andrews, Oneida Conference, and Horatio R. Clark, Wyoming Conference, from Genesee College; John W. Lindsay, New York Conference, Bostwick Hawley, Troy Conference, and L. R. Thayer, New England Conference, from Wesleyan University, Conn.

**COLLEGE CHANGES.**—Rev. E. O. Haven, LL. D., Editor of Zion's Herald, has been elected Chancellor of the University of Michigan; Rev. Chauncey C. Knowlton, of the Central Illinois Conference, Professor of Languages in Illinois Wesleyan University; Rev. W. R. Goodwin, President of Brookville College, Indiana; Rev. Fales H. Newhall, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, and James C. Van Benschoten, Professor of Greek, in the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

**PRINTING WITHOUT INK.**—We are indebted to the London Typographical Advertiser for the following statement, which, if true, will make quite a revolution in printing offices: "A gentleman, a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing printing-paper, in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfect black impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink and rollers; and by revolutionizing printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing the rollers obviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld, at his request, till letters-patent shall be obtained."

**THE EARTH NEARER THE SUN.**—The annual inspection of the Royal Observatory by the Visitors officially

appointed for that purpose, took place on Saturday, June 6th. The Board of Visitors is composed of gentlemen of astronomical and scientific renown, whose duty it is thus to inspect the Observatory; and it is usual for Professor Airy to present to them at their meeting a report on the state of the establishment. In this report he speaks with satisfaction of the good order of the instruments of the Observatory generally, and reviews the labors of the past year. He states that, from observations of the planet Mars compared with other observations made in Australia, a value of the solar parallax has been obtained, "exceeding the received value by about 1-24th part." This shows the earth to be nearer the sun by several millions of miles than has been supposed; and independent investigations made of late, by other astronomers, have led to the same result.

**JERUSALEM UNDER GROUND.**—An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pashaw as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply beveled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zorobabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the times of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from the "Dome of the Rocks," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole Temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook Kedron. About two years ago he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda, and on his opening it a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since; no one knows from whence it comes, or whither it goes. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions.

**CHURCH ACCOMMODATIONS.**—The United States census for 1860 contains the following important items of intelligence: A table showing the church accommodations of the various denominations puts the Methodist Church at 4,209,333; the Baptist, 3,130,878; the Presbyterian, 2,322,202; and the sum total of all denominations is set down at 13,849,896.

**A GLIMPSE OF LIGHT AS TO ANCIENT AMERICA.**—Some glass beads of unquestioned Phœnician manufacture are reported to have been found at Beverley, Canada, in an ancient "ossuary of the copper age." May it not turn out, after all, that what Plato tells us of was true, that the Atlantic was once "navigable," or



had been navigated, ages before his time, when warlike tribes from beyond the ocean invaded and overran all Libya and other countries in what we call "the Old World?" This would go far to explain the similarity of the ancient American temples and teacolis to ancient Egyptian, Babylonian, and other structures. And, by the way, the chronologies of the Egyptian priests in Plato's time, in which tens of thousands of years were treated as a mere bagatelle, and the Greeks were regarded as conceited upstarts of recent times, are likely now to be received a little more respectfully than heretofore, considering our enlarged ideas of the origin of man; perhaps, too, Chinese and Indian chronologies will be reconsidered, and a little less contemptuously treated than they have been by our own generation.

**NORTHERN RESIN AND TAR.**—It is said that the people of Maine are about to tap the pine-trees in that State with a view to making resin, which they think can be done quite as well in that region as in the Carolinas. The object is worthy the effort at least, and should it succeed will be a source of great profit to Maine, and also supply a want for which the North has been dependent on another and remote part of the country. The manufacture of tar has been commenced by the Norwegian settlers at Grand Traverse, Michigan, and the first consignment of fifteen barrels found ready sale at \$1 per gallon, in Chicago market.

**MOUNTAIN OF SALT.**—On the eastern end of St. Domingo, and about twenty miles from the coast, is a salt mountain some dozen miles long and about four hundred feet high. We have just conversed with a gentleman who has recently returned from examining this remarkable natural curiosity. Here is salt enough to pickle the world, and Yankee enterprise has determined it shall minister somewhat to such an end, for a company has been formed in New York to enable the world to know the savor of this salt. Our informant was sent out by this company last Winter to visit the locality and to get a charter from the Spanish Government to work this salt mine. He has obtained the assent of the Spanish authorities of the island, and the company only awaits the sanction of the Government of Spain to commence operations. The gentleman showed us some very beautiful specimens of this salt, in masses weighing several pounds each, nearly transparent, and containing more than ninety per cent. of pure salt. Our informant is sanguine of the success of the company in obtaining a charter and in bringing this valuable article of consumption into the markets of the world.

**THE LOUVRE.**—The museums of the Paris Louvre are now more complete and more perfectly arranged than ever, thanks to the present Emperor, who has contributed more largely to the adornment and aggrandizement of this great gallery than any other ruler of France since Francis I. The first Napoleon gave a great deal of attention to the Louvre, and added largely to its treasures. Louis XVIII further enriched them with 111 paintings, at a cost of 668,265 francs. It was also during his reign that the Venus of Milo was added to the Museum of Antiquities. Charles X purchased 24 paintings for 62,790 francs, and completed the Museum of Antiquities, which bears his name.

Louis Philippe purchased for the Louvre only 33 paintings, at a cost of 74,136 francs. Since the accession of Napoleon III the New Louvre has seen several new galleries formed. Thirty masterpieces of the highest order of merit have been bought, at an expense of nearly a million of francs, among them being the Conception, by Murillo, for which 615,300 francs were paid to the heirs of Marshal Soult, also, two pieces by Velasquez, two Hobbemas, and one a beautiful Denner. Several invaluable pieces of sculpture have also been obtained; and, last of all, the Campana collection, which cost four millions of francs. The Apollo Gallery is now terminated, decorated, and furnished. The Emperor is organizing the great museum which is to bear his own name, and that of the French school of painting, on the right and left of the Pavilion Denon, the first floor of the New Louvre.

**SCIENTIFIC BIRDSNESTING.**—Edinburgh publishers announce a volume, by the late Charles St. John, author of "Wild Sports of the Highlands," which will be entitled "Notes of Natural History and Sport in Morayshire." In his Preface, Mr. St. John makes the following singular boast: "I have been particularly careful to describe and note down nothing the authenticity of which I am not certain of. Indeed, every bird here mentioned I have either killed or seen myself during my wanderings in wood and plain. *I have also taken the nests of all the birds which breed in Scotland, without, I believe, one exception.* I have also watched the habits of all, from the golden eagle to the golden-crested wren; from the wild swan to the teal; and have had opportunities of so doing which, perhaps, no other person has had."

**SILK-RAISING IN GREECE.**—The plantations of mulberry-trees for feeding silk-worms have been much extended in Greece, and the total number is now supposed to be 1,600,000. Fig-trees also have been planted in great abundance, and the number of olive-trees, which in 1854 was estimated at 2,000,000, had advanced to 8,000,000 in 1859. As the price of an olive-tree is from £1 to £4, there is a great augmentation of the national wealth in this branch of industry. The cultivation of the common grape is likewise receiving attention; and the Sultana grape, recently introduced from Smyrna, has been found to thrive. Under these circumstances crime and pauperism are rare, since every one capable of working can find employment. In fact, there is a scarcity of labor.

**UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN LONDON.**—Underground railroads to the extent of several miles are now completed beneath the streets of London, and are open for travel. The locomotives used condense their steam and consume their smoke, and both tunnel and cars are lighted by gas. Trains are run every ten minutes, and the fares are lower than those of the omnibuses. In the second-class cars the fare is one cent a mile, and a morning and evening train are run at half a cent. The French prints announce the commencement of a similar system of subterranean railways for the city of Paris.

**SWEDISH RAILROAD.**—A railroad has just been opened across the Swedish peninsula, connecting Gottenburg, on the Cattegat, with Stockholm.

## Literary Notices.

(1.) **SERMONS BY JABEZ BUNTING, D. D. VOL. II.** 8vo. 464 pp. *New York: Carlton & Porter.*—This and the preceding volume contain fifty-three sermons. To say that they are elaborate, systematic, and able is only to repeat the verdict long since rendered. Were they otherwise they would not reflect the well-known character of the man. Since the day of Wesley no other man has filled so wide a space or exerted so large an influence in the great body of the Wesleys as Dr. Bunting. Few men have wielded their power so wisely or consecrated themselves more entirely to their great work. His life is a rich legacy to the Church. These sermons will live in the literature of the Church as a perpetual memorial of their author. The young minister will find in them a chaste and beautiful model of sermonizing; the Christian, rich stores of evangelical truth. Carlton & Porter have got the work out in a style befitting its dignity and worth.

(2.) **POEMS BY WILLIAM BAXTER.** 12mo. 244 pp. *Cambridge: Metcalf & Co.*—Mr. Baxter was one of the early poetic contributors to the Repository. In later years he has been in North-Western Arkansas at the head of an institution of learning. Since the utter desolation of that region as the result of secession, and the destruction of the college buildings by the rebel army under Hindman, Mr. Baxter has escaped, and is once more in Cincinnati. Many of these poems evince the genuine inspiration of the Muse.

(3.) **WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.** By *Pierre Blot.* 12mo. 259 pp. \$1.—This little volume contains over one thousand receipts "systematically and practically arranged to enable the housekeeper to prepare the most difficult or simpler dishes in the best manner." "One thousand receipts!" What contrivances to stimulate and supply the appetite! We were on the point of saying that he must be a happy man whose purse was long enough to purchase all the articles named here, and whose wife had skill enough to cook them according to the "receipts," but just then something whispered in our ear, "If he should be so fortunate as to escape the gout." *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*

(4.) **SIGHTS AFOOT,** by Wilkie Collins, is published complete in one large octavo volume, large type, double column, and printed on the finest and best of white paper. Price, 50 cents a copy. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. For sale in Cincinnati by Rickey & Carroll.*

(5.) **TWELVE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** Paper covers, in tract form. Package III, Nos. 25 to 36. Just issued by the Sunday School Union at 200 Mulberry-street.

(6.) **THE JOURNEYS OF JESUS** is the title of a neat map just issued by Carlton & Porter. The title indicates just what the map is. In no other way can the young Bible student get so good an idea of "the jour-

neys of Jesus" as by studying this map. No Bible class should be without it.

(7.) **THE CONFEDERATED REPUBLIC OF ISRAEL** is the title of a sermon preached by Dr. Thomson in the Seventh-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1862, and published by Carlton & Porter. We have long known of this sermon by report. We are glad even at this late date to receive a copy. It has already received the verdict of the public as a sermon of remarkable point, adaptation, and power. It is yet, like its estimable author, doing a good work.

(8.) **"WHO BREAKS—PAYS."** By the author of *Cousin Stella, Skirmishing, etc.* 16mo. Cloth. 302 pp. 50 cents. *Philadelphia: Frederick Layboldt. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.* The title is an Italian proverb. The book we have not read.

(9.) **WAR PICTURES FROM THE SOUTH.** By *B. Estlin.* 8vo. 252 pp. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—The author was for eighteen months an officer in the Confederate army. His opportunities for observation in the South during the early stages of the rebellion were well improved. The record of them furnishes some lessons upon the conduct of the war which are very suggestive. The way in which Floyd armed the South with United States rifles, the inadequate conception of the job in hand by our Government, the early blunders of the rebels as well as of ourselves, are handled as matters of fact without fear or favor. The writer errs in his estimate of some of our Generals, and misstates some of the facts relating to the Union army. But this resulted from his point of observation, and not from lack of observation or keenness of perception. The book is not only very readable, but will be of great value to the future historian of this war. We presume that the name on the title-page of this book is fictitious. Our impression of the author is, that he is at home among rebels. How or why he left their service, if he has left it, does not appear. Upon his own showing he spent some time in New York city during the period of that service. Was he in consultation with the Woods, Vallandighams, and other traitors of the North?

(10.) **MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, LL. D.** By *T. W. Chambers.* 12mo. 289 pp. \$1.25. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—The life of Mr. Frelinghuysen flowed in a somewhat even channel. His character was staid and quiet. Such a life and character, however noble and useful, furnishes few thrilling incidents with which to enliven a biography. Besides the biography this volume contains most of the speeches of its subject. It will be a memorial grateful to his friends.

(11.) **JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION IN 1838-9.** By *Frances Anne Kemble.*

12mo. 337 pp. \$1.25. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This is a diary kept in the Winter and Spring of 1838-9 while the author was residing on an estate consisting of rice and cotton plantations at the mouth of the Altamaha on the coast of Georgia. The miserable quibbling to which resort is so often made to sustain the slave system is pungently exposed. And then the author throws aside the veil and bids the uninitiated come and look in upon the practical workings of the system. Some of these pictures we would like to place before our readers. Others are too indelicate or revolting. A more faithful unfolding of the interior workings of slavery, its lust, its selfishness, its inhumanities, its barbarities, has rarely been made. No wonder God has a controversy with the nation that could tolerate it and the people that could sacrifice conscience, patriotism, and the teachings of God's own Word in its support. Every new revelation of the crime of slavery and the barbarism it had engendered and spread all over the South only fills the mind with wonder that Heaven has borne with us so long. Our readers will identify the author as Mrs. Frances Kemble Butler, the actress, whose troubles with her husband occupied the papers some few years since. It was her husband's plantation she was upon when her observations in the South were made.

(12.) XENOPHONTIS ANABASIS. *Recensuit J. F. Mac-michael, A. B.* 16mo. 224 pp. *Flexible covers.* 50 cents. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—This is the latest issue of Harper's Greek and Latin Texts, and is designed for the use of schools and students, being an accurate and cheap edition, printed in clear type and on good paper. We commend the series to all lovers of the classics.

(13.) CATALOGUES.—The following catalogues have been laid upon our table:

1. *Pittsburg Female College.*—Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D., President, assisted by 18 teachers. Students, 294.
2. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College,* at Delaware, O.—

Rev. P. S. Donelson, D. D., President, assisted by 8 teachers. Students, 227.

3. *Folley Seminary,* Fulton, N. Y.—J. P. Griffin, A. M., Principal, assisted by 8 teachers. Students, 444.

4. *Providence Conference Seminary,* East Greenwich, R. I.—Rev. Bernice D. Ames, A. M., Principal, assisted by 8 teachers. Students, 184.

5. *Xenia Female College,* Xenia, O.—William Smith, A. M., Principal, assisted by 5 teachers. Students, 148.

6. *Ohio Wesleyan University,* Delaware, O.—Rev. F. Merrick, LL. D., President, assisted by 6 Professors. Students, 279.

7. *Fort Edward Institute,* at Fort Edward, N. Y.—Rev. J. E. King, A. M., Principal, assisted by 11 teachers. Students, 530.

8. *Clark Seminary,* at Aurora, Ill.—Rev. George W. Quereau, A. M., Principal, assisted by 10 teachers. Students, 350.

9. *Iowa State University,* Iowa City—Rev. O. M. Spencer, D. D., President, assisted by 9 Professors and teachers. Students, 288.

10. *Millersburg Female College,* at Millersburg, Ky.—Rev. George S. Savage, M. D., President, assisted by 3 teachers.

11. *College of Dental Surgery,* Cincinnati, O. Eighteenth session commences November 1st.

12. *Indiana University,* Bloomington, Ia.—Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., President, assisted by 7 Professors. Students, 144.

(14.) METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA.—The Minutes of Niagara, Ontario, and Bay Quinte Conferences show an aggregate of 44 chapels and 27 parsonages, valued at \$81,810, a membership of 6,985, and 68 traveling preachers.

(15.) CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA.—Nos. 61 and 62 of this valuable "Dictionary of Universal Knowledge" have been received. J. B. Lippencott & Co., of Philadelphia. 20 cents per number.

(16.) HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION, in folio, superbly illustrated, No. 5, received. 25 cents. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

## Editor's Chair.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Besides the articles named below as declined we have a large number on hand which may never see the light in our columns. We make up each number by selecting the best material on hand, having in mind also variety. Some of the following are consigned to this fate regretfully by the editor as they are not without features or passages that give promise. We should add, also, that this long list comprises the rejected of three months, which we have not found it convenient to insert before:

*Prose*—Summer Travel; Love of Nature; A Day of Haze and Dreams; Light; Immortality of Mental Influence; The Reconciliation; The Proclamation; Autumn Leaves; A Sketch from Real Life; Cloud Land; Plenty of Time; The Consequences of Cowardice; If a Man Die shall he Live Again? Aimless Lives; Advent of Truth; Spring Morn; Visit to my Early Home;

Words of Encouragement; The Conflict and Victory; Love one Another; Death; Looking unto Jesus; The Grave of a Schoolmistress; and Home Comforts.

*Poetry*—A Voice from the Army; In the Golden Streets of Heaven; Dead Lover; The First Rose; Morning; The New Year; The Place of Hidden Prayer; Our Volunteers; The Sword and the Word of God; The Violet; A Song of the Ocean; The Weeping Willow; Then and Now; The Fog; Mourning and Consolation; Like the Shadow; The Death of Wolfe; The Song of Life; The First Born; Comfort for the Bereaved; The Dying Christian's Soliloquy; Our Childhood's Home; Twilight Hours; The Wind; Evening; Christ Shall Reign as King; The Dying Flower; The Warning; The New Record; Thy Will be Done; I would Die in Spring-time; It is not Good that Man should be Alone; An Emblem; and St. Helena.

**A QUIET NOOK ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN.**—The genuine disciple of old Izaak Walton can find no better region for the exercise of his gentle art than the lakes and rivers of Maine. And there he may find that daintiest of all epicurean delicacies, the speckled trout. Though delighting in rapid water, trout sometimes seek a quiet nook, and the skillful angler will there find them. Such a place is represented in our engraving. We have the still water of the mill-stream, with the mill just at the edge of the fall as we look down, and in the distance, half hidden from view, the spire of the village church, with the roof of a neighboring cottage barely visible amid the trees which cluster around it. The scene is in a locality famous for the lumber trade, and often down the Androscoggin the stalwart sons of Maine float their rafts to the mills, where the rough logs are converted into merchantable lumber. In this quiet nook would we like to spend the sultry Summer day in which we pen this paragraph. The original painting, by Mr. A. F. Bellows, is superb. This is the first time he has appeared in our list. We shall hope to see him again. The engraving itself would do honor to Mr. Smillie. Our readers will appreciate the picture.

**NEVER DESPAIR, BUT TRY AGAIN.**—We give the following scrap not only for its own excellence but for the lesson it will afford. The verdict of our readers will be that she who feels the inspiration of such noble sentiments and can crystallize them in such beautiful language, need not despair of becoming writer:

I send you for your acceptance or rejection a couple of poems, which please find inclosed. I have been uncertain whether the first would be suitable for the Repository, but as "the rest of the family" decided that it was just the thing, I have concluded to send it at a venture and let events take their course. If you think them worthy you may publish them at your leisure. I do not wish to intrude upon the time and space of your older contributors, and I can wait. The Repository comes regularly now, and it is like a dear friend. I am sorry my story did not please you. The moral which I attempted to illustrate was, that in any undertaking, great or small, we should look to God for help and persevere. I believe this is the moral, but perhaps I did not clearly express it. I will try to do better next time. It may be Virginia Townsend and Mrs. Gardner failed at first. I can not equal them, but I love to sit afar off and study the wondrous beauty of their intellectual being, and then try to be something and do something in the world.

**SOLDIER'S COMFORTS.**—Visiting a Sunday school some time since we found the children bringing in "soldier's comforts." They consisted of a little bag containing some buttons, needles, patent thread, a package of ginger, another of tea, a tract, and a letter from the little girl who had prepared the bag. These were to be sent through the delegates of the Christian Commission to the noble Army of the Cumberland. We copied one of the letters for the benefit of our young readers. Can not every Sunday school and every loyal little girl help the soldiers in this way?

JULY 10, 1863.

*Dear Soldier,*—I hope you may find as much pleasure in the contents of this "comfort" as I have in the preparing of them. I love my country and all who willingly peril life in her defense. A cloud has seemed to overcast our National prospects, especially the prospects of the Potomac Army—be not offended, O soldier, if you belong to that department, for nobly has she redeemed herself in the past week—and

somehow we Western girls incline to look to our Western army for the grand successes of the war. Now the cloud rises, and from East and West comes the cheering cry of victory. I have no fear as to the final results of this war, and have never had, for

"Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

There seems little that a girl can do for her country, especially now that Government thinks us too young for Florence Nightingales, and I for myself have no desire to be a Jean d'Arc or Maid of Saragossa. I have darned stockings innumerable, made garments, and sent all manner of reading matter to the hospitals, besides going once in a while to talk and sing to the soldiers. Now there seems nothing more that I can do. But yes, I pray for you all, not so much that you may be saved from wounds, for those are a soldier's glory, but that God may keep you pure and upright amid the demoralizing influences of camp life. Now, with the hope that ere long peace, a right and honorable peace, may restore you to your homes, I remain your friend, as I am of all in my country's service.

**THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.**—The picture here so briefly drawn is one of sad and solemn reality—O, to how many homes!

Midnight's deep stillness brooded o'er the earth; dead silence reigned throughout the camps of the Army of the West; there was not a breath of air stirring, and not a sound could be heard save now and then the dismal croaking of a frog or the scream of the night-bird on the wing; the moon shed a pale luster on the green-robed earth; the stars looked down with pitying eye and smiled on the glittering dew-drops at their feet. Within his tent a young Lieutenant lay dreaming of his home. All was peace there, he was with them. He felt his wife and children's arms thrown about him, and shared with them the evening meal, and when it was over they kneeled at the Divine foot-stool, and in tremulous tones thanked the overruling Providence for his goodness. Never had he seemed so happy before. But O, too soon was he awakened to the realities of life! This delightful dream must fade away, for, hark! hear you not the long roll of the drum deepening and deafening through the still night air? The enemy are at hand, and all hands are summoned to mortal combat. He springs to his feet and grasps his sword. For an instant a spasm of pain crosses his features, but only for a second, and then they relapse into their usual serenity. He remembers that he has come forth to serve his country and that same home and loved ones. Before many minutes elapsed they were filed in ranks, and were engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand battle. When it was ended and our troops proclaimed victorious, parties were dispatched to gather in the wounded and bury the dead. In roaming over the field they found this young Lieutenant weltering in his blood. He was mortally wounded, but conscious. He requested them to bury him decently when he was dead, and then to write home. Said he, "I was with them for the last time in my dreams when I was called to the battle-field." He soon after expired. Now sever a lock of that clustering hair which hangs in wavy masses on his marble brow close to the dark eye, scoop up the earth and lay him to his rest. Rest, soldier, rest in thy dreamless bed. No more indeed shalt thou revisit those loved ones even in thy dreams; no dirge will be sung over thy remains, but thou wilt sleep as sweetly as thou wouldst in the little church-yard at home; that manly form will molder no sooner in thy soldier's grave than it would there. Mourn not, then, loved ones; the long roll will not break his slumbers more, he is free from all care and pain.

"The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,  
He hears not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;  
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,  
No sound can awake him to glory again."



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Engraved for the Ladies Repository by V. Jones

DOM

THE JOY OF THE DWELLING

*Domestic happiness is the true  
 pleasure that no man can give*









*J. Huntington*